

## The Critic

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS.

ESSAY.—American Literature in Russia. By P. J. Popoff..... 235	LITERARY NOTES.—241. French Notes (243); German Notes; Italian Notes (244).
LITERATURE.—'The Faiths of the World' (St. Giles' Lectures); A. Kuenen's 'Na- tional Religions and Universal Religi- ons' (235); G. Houghton's 'Niagara and other Poems'; W. Sharpe's 'The International Temple of Niagara'; R. L. Stevenson's 'Familiar Studies of Men and Books' (236); F. Pollock's 'Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics'; T. Hughes's 'Memoir of Daniel Mac- millan'; E. B. Callender's 'Thaddeus Stevens: Commoner'; Recent Fiction (237); Educational Works; Minor No- tices (238); Indian and Negro Myths— communication, from Joel Chandler Harris (239); 'The Bells of Shandon'— communication, from Edward J. Hard- ing..... 240	EDITORIALS.—Newspaper Quarrels. Edi- torial Notes..... 240 SCIENCE.—Prof. A. Geikie's 'Geological Sketches at Home and Abroad'; A. Hyatt's, G. L. Goodale's, and Mrs. Agassiz's 'Guides for Science Teach- ing' (244); W. A. Rogers's 'The Co- efficient of Safety in Navigation'... 245 THE FINE ARTS.—Art Hand-books; Art Notes..... 245 THE DRAMA.—G. L. Stout's 'The Black- bird'; C. T. Dasey's 'Elsa'; P. Mer- ritt and G. Conquest's 'Mankind' (246); L. Don's 'A Daughter of the Nile' (247). MUSIC.—R. L. Herman's 'Cradle-Songs of Many Nations'; Music in the Uni- versity of Michigan; Musical Notes. 247

## American Literature in Russia.

AMERICANS are not aware to what extent Russians read the chief authors of their 'trans-Atlantic friends,' as the Tsar's people invariably style Yankees. The educated Russians are great literary scholars; they usually read in the original the German, French, and English authors; and among the latter some American poets and novelists are favorites. If we value the literary taste of Russians, we will have an interesting criterion of American literature in seeing what American authors are translated into Russian, and which of them are most read in the empire of the Tsar.

Of American poets, Longfellow is the favorite with Russian readers. Of his poems the following have been translated into Russian: 'Poems on Slavery' (in 1861), 'The Song of Hiawatha' (in 1868), 'Evangeline' (in 1869), 'The Norman Baron,' 'A Psalm of Life,' 'The Arsenal at Springfield,' 'The Bridge,' 'The Day is Done,' 'Dedication,' 'Midnight Mass for the Dying Year,' 'The Blind Girl of Castèl-Cuillé,' and some others. The best Russian translators of poetry—Veinberg, Minaeff, Michailoff, and Michailovsky—have dedicated their efforts to the poet of Massachusetts, and some of his poems, such as 'The Song of Hiawatha' and the 'Poems on Slavery,' have been translated twice or three times. The talent of Longfellow is very sympathetic with Russians, reminding them of that of their own poet, Jookovsky. Russian opinion is that Longfellow deserved well of his country for transplanting to American soil the best seeds of European literature; but he is not considered an original writer. They have found that his 'Tales of a Wayside Inn' were written in imitation of the Scandinavian ballads; his 'Spanish Student' had appeared under the influence of the Spanish stories of Washington Irving; and 'The Song of Hiawatha' was inspired by Chateaubriand's fascinating images of the primæval man. Russians ascribe to Longfellow a great influence in raising the level of education in the United States.

Emerson is known to the Russian public as a profound thinker, who has enlarged the intellectual horizon of the Americans. Some of his philosophical essays have been translated into Russian. Poe, Bryant, Whittier, Lowell, Joaquin Miller, and Walt Whitman are known to Russians only through critical essays. Their poems, as yet, wait for a translator.

The American novelists are much better known in Russia than the American poets. Cooper's Indian tales have all been done into Russian, and are read far more than any other novels of foreign origin. It may be safely stated that generations of Russian students have grown up on Cooper's novels. The writings of Bret Harte and Mark Twain are

translated into Russian as soon as they appear. There are in Russia about a dozen literary, political and scientific monthlies, containing about 300 pages in each number. In these, translations are published of all poems and novels of importance that appear abroad. Besides these monthlies there, are magazines which contain only foreign novels and stories. The last two Americans named are favorites with these magazines. Bret Harte's peculiar style has found some imitators among Russian writers. The novels of Henry James, Jr. ('Washington Square,' for instance), and of some other American writers of lesser fame, also occasionally appear in Russian. Of the popularity of Mrs. Stowe's 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' one may judge from the fact that it would be difficult to find an educated Russian who had not read it.

Among the other American works translated into Russian there may be mentioned Carey's 'Political Economy'; Draper's 'History of the Intellectual Development of Europe,' which is circulated almost as widely as Buckle's 'Civilization'; Motley's historical works; Agassiz's works, and Maury's book on the Sea. Strange to say, the 'Declaration of Independence' was translated into Russian half a century ago, but now it is next to impossible to find a copy of it.

Russian critics pay much attention to American literature, and there are some good essays on the subject. In *Biblioteka dlya Chtenya* (*The Library for Reading*), 1855, there was published an essay on 'American Literature.' In *Govremennik* (*The Contemporary*), 1860, there was an article on 'American Poets and Novelists.' And in 1875 appeared a book entitled 'English and American Poets: Biographies and Samples.' But the most elaborate essay on American literature, as noted in the last number of THE CRITIC, has been published recently by John Swinton, of this city, in the well-known Russian monthly, *Zagranichny Vestnik* (*The Foreign Messenger*). In this essay, which has been largely republished in Russian journals, Mr. Swinton reviews American literature for the past one hundred years. Russians have been much gratified at seeing an American writer express their own views on the subject, for they fully indorse his statement that 'We have had no author of fiction equal to some elsewhere that might be named. We have had no poet who has given us a single monumental work recognized as such by the world. We have brought forth no great world-compelling figure in any department of literature. . . . But, at a point below the highest, we can in every department of literature make an excellent display of books, such as no man can overlook without losing much that he shall not elsewhere find.' And for that reason Russians carefully study and translate into their own language every American work of real value.

The Russian language is exceedingly rich and flexible, and particularly adapted to expressing feelings and emotions; and Russian translators of poetry do their work *con amore*, so that as a rule their translations of foreign novels and even poems are not inferior to the original in beauty and power.

P. J. POPOFF.

## Literature

## The Study of Religions.\*

IT is interesting to put side by side two books with such similarity of topic and such marked differences of scope and treatment as the Lectures on the St. Giles and the Hibbert foundations. Both volumes are concerned with the great historic religions; and both institute a comparison between Christianity and the rest, resulting in favor of the former. This is the obvious, general re-

\* The Faiths of the World. St. Giles' Lectures. \$1.50. National Religions and Universal Religions. By A. Kuenen, LL.D., D.D., Professor of Theology at Leiden. [The Hibbert Lectures, 1882.] \$1.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

semblance. But the St. Giles' Lectures are more descriptive, popular, moralizing; the Hibbert Lectures more scholarly and philosophical. The St. Giles' testify of conscientious study, earnest purpose, and (with one or two striking exceptions) nothing more. The Hibbert Lectures also betoken conscientiousness and earnestness; but besides, and underlying, these they show the activity of a great critical and historical genius.

The trustees of the Scotch foundation entrusted the work to be done to eleven different men, aiming to cover the entire ground in this distribution of labor. It is a little singular that by this very attempt at exhaustiveness, the success of the course has been somewhat impaired. The lectures aim at edification, as already intimated, but the practical character of the discussion as a whole is weakened by the space given to the Persian, Greek, Roman, Teutonic and other religions whose life ended long ago, and which therefore cannot be, and are not, seriously thought of as rivals of Christianity. However, if it seemed best for completeness' sake to recall the features of vanquished foes, it would at least have been an advantage if a greater unity in method had been secured throughout the series. To treat all sides of any one of the great religions, in a single lecture, is plainly impossible. It is equally impossible to attain the same degree of adequacy for each religion within the inflexible limit of thirty pages—especially where the larger subject has fallen into the less skilful hands. But it would seem practicable to direct the thought to similar phases of each system, or to look at all from something like the same point of view. As it is, one lecturer portrays; another philosophizes; another tries to do both. But with all these necessary and unnecessary defects, there are certain broad excellences which make the book extremely valuable for its purpose. One of these is its tolerably full and generally quite accurate statements of facts; another is its pervading tone of catholicity. The lecturers feel themselves free to recognize the elements of good in superseded faiths; they have emancipated themselves in a good degree from the bondage of that mistaken zeal which felt obliged to use imperfect religions merely as a dark background for Christianity. Easily the best of the whole series are Principal Caird's two lectures on the religions of India, and Professor Flint's closing discussion on Christianity in Relation to other Religions—the former for their penetrative analysis; the latter for its strong grasp of essentials, and its vigorous breadth of thought.

Professor Kuenen limits his discussion to (1) Islam, (2) Christianity in its genetic relation with Judaism, and (3) Buddhism; and inquires how far each of these may claim to be a universal religion. He emphasizes, at the outset, the important distinction between universality as a fact and as a quality—between the spread of a particular belief, which may be due simply to a favorable combination of circumstances, and the internal assurance of wide dominion which that faith carries whose essential character is not national or local. The one may, and does in fact, exist without the other. Tried by the test of quality, Islam and Buddhism alike fail to deserve the title of universal. The former is in its inmost nature a religion 'made by an Arab, and for Arabs.' 'The Arabic nationality was not the cradle but the boundary wall of Islam.' The latter, with all its ethical beauty, is a breaking away from the common interests of humanity—a renunciation and giving over to hopelessness of the institutions of the world. 'It seeks not to convert, but to *rescue*—to rescue from delusion and desire.' 'It must, and it does, result in absolute quietism—nay, even indifferentism.' 'There is everywhere . . . the ineffaceable stamp of an origin, not from life, but from the speculation that has turned away from life and is blind to its significance and its worth.' Over against these narrower religions the author sets Christianity—the child, in so important a sense, of the old national religion of Israel, and of the zealous Judaism of post-exilic times. With remarkable originality and force he points out how post-exilic Judaism was more and more divorced from the national idea; how the patriotic hero was utterly distinct from the scribe and the Rabbi; and so the way was opened, when the Messiah at last should come, for the fully developed idea of the Kingdom of God. And 'the conception of the Kingdom of God, one of the chief factors in the genesis of Christianity, remains through all the ages its best recommendation and its greatest might. Through this conception it joins in every legitimate effort of the individuals or the peoples who profess it; with this conception it strikes right into the course of their development, and gives it the true direction, the genuine inspiration, the higher consecration.'

These are not the words of a blind enthusiast, but of a gifted scholar—a calm, broad-minded student of history. And however unable we may be to accept this or that opinion which he puts forth in the book, the whole course of his fair and thoughtful, as well as brilliant, discussion, reaching a conclusion so weighty by a path so legitimate, demands, even of those who are most wedded to their own favorite views, the deepest and most respectful consideration.

#### Niagara Falls.\*

MR. HOUGHTON'S 'Niagara' (1) is good descriptive poetry. It shows fair powers of observation, fine culture, and a thoughtful, poetic spirit; but is it not too much to expect to carry off so ponderous a theme as Niagara in hexameters? One hesitates in these days to attempt to carry anything on these six awkward feet; but to attempt what only the finest prose in the finest hands can reach—an elaborate description of such a marvellous natural object as Niagara—is certainly a hazardous thing. To make Niagara the background of a poem, with something of the human element in the foreground, or to spiritualize the whole, making it, as Coleridge does with Mt. Blanc, the heart of a hymn or a prayer, would be, not an easier task, perhaps, but one more likely to be pleasing to the muse of verse. Not that Mr. Houghton has altogether failed in his management of this most unmanageable measure; he has given it much variety of melody, and saved it in good part from the usual monotony of the English hexameter. The light, exuberant, tripping movement which Clough attained, he has not got; nor has he often reached the dignity and strength necessary in our judgment to so solid a theme. Yet description is a strong point with Mr. Houghton, and shows well in such poems as 'The Shepherdess.' He sees a picture clearly, and reproduces it well. Though his conceits are too often far-fetched, and but slightly connected with the realities, so that the sense would often be better for a complete divorce, it is something to be possessed, as the author certainly is, of a ready fancy which will come at call.

DR. SHARPE'S thin pamphlet (2) reads like certain European guide-books, and should be sent to all the hack-drivers of Niagara to improve their vocabulary. How delightful, for instance, the following description of Goat Island would sound, rolled off from the tongue of one of those animated gentlemen:

'Here the great Author of nature has established for the joint use of worshippers from every clime, an "Island Temple," whose foundations are upon the cavened rocks, whose roof is the dome of heaven, and whose sacred grove is an expanse of primeval wood; whose ablutionary tank before the vestibule is a troubled abyss, fed with the waters of a continent, arched with the rainbow, and draped in white, with clouds of shetted spray; whose choral music is the deep voice of a mighty cataract; whose vestals are naiads, and whose warders are the aerial spirits of the flood. Many are the altars and high places around this hallowed fane, from the vantage-ground of which the assembled worshippers, absorbed in silent adoration, hold communion with the Eternal. There, on the angle by Biddle's Stairs, they look into the deep gorge of the Niagara, scanning, as it were, in thought, the volume and majestic flow of the sea-green river as it glides swiftly on toward the great "Whirlpool Rapids."

Why—we echo the query of the author—why is so magnificent a source of bardic inspiration not immediately bought up? What 'rulers of the south,' what 'high-minded legislators,' what 'millionaires,' what 'money-kings,' the eloquent writer proceeds to ask,

'will suitably appoint and endow this heaven-instituted sanctuary of the nations, the unspoken eloquence of which is grander and more enduring in effect than the homilies of a thousand churches? but which if the rulers neglect and the people heed not—too much intent upon their all-absorbing and mentally debasing worship of Mammon,—then let them beware that they go not metaphorically down into the abysses of Niagara, that they may be purified therein, cleansed as it were in the troubled waters of tribulation.'

#### "Familiar Studies of Men and Books."†

MR. STEVENSON is known in America as the writer of two delightful books of travel—'An Inland Voyage,' and 'Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes.' Readers of *The Portfolio* will remember that he contributed to it a series of 'Picturesque Notes on Edinburgh,' worthy to rank with Mr. Lang's charming essays on Oxford. The present volume ought to introduce him to a wider constituency in this country, for it contains—mingled with a little caprice and prejudice—some of the finest and sharpest criticism that has seen the light in England within the past decade. Mr. Stevenson is a Scotch-

\* (1) *Niagara and Other Poems*. By George Houghton. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (2) *The International Temple of Niagara*. By Dr. William Sharpe. Reprinted from *Modern Thought*.

† *Familiar Studies of Men and Books*. By Robert Louis Stevenson. \$2.40. New York: Scribner & Welford.



man: and he has here an essay on Burns, and two on 'John Knox and his Relations to Women.' He writes in English: and there is a cheery paper on the diarist Pepys—a typical Englishman in not a few respects. He has roamed through French literature: and we have studies of Villon, Charles of Orleans, and 'Victor Hugo's Romances.' His sympathies are wide enough to cross a hemisphere to take in a Japanese worthy, and to cross the ocean to consider two Americans—Walt Whitman and Thoreau. It would be well if the Grant Allens and George Saintsburys of contemporary English journalism were to ponder over these last two essays, and to see if they cannot spy out the secret of Mr. Stevenson's courtesy in treating American themes.

It is not difficult to trace the influences under which Mr. Stevenson has formed himself. The essay on Villon—which the candid preface declares to be too picturesque—is quite in the Carlylean manner; while the Japanese episode reads much as though it were the work of the lamented Dr. John Brown, Mr. Stevenson's late fellow-townsmen. Thackeray and Emerson are among the other influences one notes—the latter directly, and also through Thoreau, of whom Mr. Stevenson says in his preface: 'I have scarce written ten sentences since I was introduced to him, but his influence might be somewhere detected by a close observer.' Yet these varied teachers have sent forth a scholar of marked originality. Worthy of note is his liking for poets who grapple with life as it is—low life as well as high, or even more than high. The essay on Walt Whitman should be read by all who do not know what to make of that unique poet and personality. It is a most captivating bit of criticism; even the semi-humorous attitude of the writer, which he deprecates in the preface, seems not at all amiss. The paper on Villon is quite as good, though a little less well founded. Of Thoreau, Mr. Stevenson says finely: 'He grew up healthy, composed, and unconscious from among life's horrors, like a green bay-tree from a field of battle.' And again: 'It was his ambition to be an Oriental philosopher, but he was always a very Yankee sort of Oriental.' For a final quotation: 'Literature is not less a conventional art than painting or sculpture; and it is the least striking, as it is the most comprehensive, of the three. To hear a strain of music, to see a beautiful woman, a river, a great city, or a starry night, is to make a man despair of his Lilliputian arts in language.'

#### Jurisprudence and Ethics.\*

MR. POLLOCK'S work is written in a clear and easy style, and some parts of it are very interesting reading. Several of the essays, too, contain matter that is well digested and important; but the philosophical standpoint of the author is not one which we can approve. In pure ethics he belongs to the Bentham school, and appears to hold the doctrines of that school in their extremest form; while as to the origin of moral sentiments and ideas, he accepts the theory of evolution. He does not, indeed, adopt all of Mr. Spencer's views in regard to ethics; in particular, he disagrees with Mr. Spencer and with most other moral philosophers as to the importance of correct ethical views upon the actual conduct of men. Mr. Spencer holds, and we think rightly, that a true and generally accepted theory about the standard of right and wrong would have a most beneficial effect upon the morality of mankind; while Mr. Pollock thinks that such a theory is of little or no practical importance. Indeed, he goes farther in this respect than any other author with whom we are acquainted; for he says that, 'Even granting that no absolute standard can be found, we do not want an absolute standard to guide us in the exercise of moral approbation and disapprobation. All that we need is a standard sufficiently adapted to the conditions of life in which we act and judge for the time being.' Moreover he does not recognize any sanction of morality, apart from actual punishment, except public opinion. 'Public esteem and disesteem,' he says, 'are the reward and punishment appropriate to the moral law.'

Mr. Pollock's views on jurisprudence are essentially the same as those of Austin and the English school generally. He regards it as a purely historical science, having nothing to do with creating an ideal system of law, but occupied solely with analyzing and describing the various systems actually established in the world; and he apparently does not think it necessary for the jurist to judge the various laws and legal systems by reference to an ideal standard. His most successful essays, according to our views, are those that deal with some special topic, as, for instance, those on 'Commercial Law,' 'Persecution,' 'Employer's Liability,' and the 'Stoic Philosophy,' all of which are interesting and, to most persons at least, instructive; while the style in which they are written makes them more attractive to the mass of readers than such essays usually are.

#### The Life of a Publisher.†

In biographical literature, the lives of publishers fill a very small space indeed. If the late Daniel Macmillan was a representative

publisher, this fact is to be deplored. Few men, however, whether authors or publishers, could have the good fortune to have Thomas Hughes for a biographer. Daniel Macmillan, with his brother Alexander, was the founder of the well-known London house of Macmillan & Co., with branches in Cambridge, Eng., and New York. He came of a Scotch peasant family, locally distinguished for industry and moral worth. The only education he received, as a supplement to the rudimentary drilling of a village school, was laboriously obtained by a judicious course of private reading. At an early age he was apprenticed to a local bookseller. After serving his time, he went to Glasgow, to act as clerk to the principal bookseller there. From Glasgow he went to Cambridge, and from Cambridge to London, everywhere making himself invaluable to his employers by his intelligent devotion to their interests. His career may be said to have begun with his acquaintance with Archdeacon Hare and his brothers. It was a loan of £500 from them that set him on the road to fortune. It was also through them that he made the acquaintance of Canon Kingsley, Dean Stanley, F. D. Maurice, Matthew Arnold, and others of like stamp, whose publisher he afterwards became.

Mr. Hughes has let Macmillan's letters tell the story of his life, as far as possible, and the plan has worked admirably, for we get at the heart of the man through his correspondence. His was a charming personality, that made him widely loved. His letters about the people he met are particularly interesting, for he was not only a close observer, but a bright writer as well. The little sketch of Carlyle on the lecture-platform, hesitating for a word, and rubbing the ideas out of his forehead with his forefingers, is very happy. We should think that every publisher's clerk who read this book would enter upon the discharge of his duties with renewed zeal; indeed, no young man could read it without finding it a healthy stimulant.

#### "Thaddeus Stevens: Commoner."\*

AFFECTATION is intolerable anywhere, but most of all in literature. Carried into the solitude of the study and—let us say, after its fashion—persistently perpetrated in the permanence of the printed page, it ceases to be a pardonable peculiarity. It is too often, unfortunately, mistaken for genius. Here, for example, is a biography of Thaddeus Stevens, which begins to be absurd on the very title-page. It is mere affectation to call Stevens the 'Commoner,' to distinguish him from other Americans. The designation had a meaning when applied to the elder Pitt; it is absolutely destitute of any significance in this country, except (rarely) in a technical legal sense, or with reference to disreputable women. It belonged to Thaddeus Stevens as it belongs to-day to about 12,830,349 legal voters of the United States, and no otherwise. The judicious reader will halt at this title-page with a doubt whether it is worth while to go farther. If he does go on he will regret the loss of some time and much equanimity. The style of the book is spasmodic; 'jerky' describes it better. It is meant to be racy, vigorous, and original; but being an evident affectation, and not a characteristic, it sinks not unfrequently into drivell and inanity. In this aspect alone of the book it is hard upon Stevens, who was a man really deserving to be remembered by his countrymen. His life was by no means without errors—as, indeed, whose life is? But he is here peculiarly unfortunate in having the real merit of his character and services covered up and exposed to suspicion by extravagant and unmeaning praise. And even this seems bestowed, not so much from any serious conviction of Stevens's worth, as from a wish, apparently, on the part of the author to put things in a way which, he seems to hope, will be considered startling and original.

#### Recent Fiction.

WE WERE prepared to receive the Kaaterskill Series with enthusiasm. The prospect of a novel by the author of 'The Georgians,' to be followed by one by the author of 'Baby Rue,' was alluring, and even the cover of the books tempted us on—or in. It is, therefore, a double disappointment to find 'A Fair Philosopher'† greatly inferior not only to 'The Georgians,' but to the average novel. It is a mere tale, with such incidents—misunderstandings, younger sisters, gossips and match-makers, rescues from runaway horses, and buildings on fire—as usually enliven the pages of *Godey's Lady's Book*. Nothing in it, except the title-page, reminds us in the least of 'The Georgians,' which was a story of undeniable power and originality. The only original point in the present story is the fact that the Fair Philosopher is not, as her name implies, a young New England woman thirsting for culture, but one whose philosophy has reduced itself to the affirmation, 'Virtue is enough.' She has become convinced that all ambition is a mistake. 'So it seems to me natural, just, sensible,' she declares, 'to renounce all passionate and disturbing effort, and continue only a calm, serene, and reasonable

\* Essays in Jurisprudence and Ethics. By Frederick Pollock. \$3. New York: Macmillan & Co.

† Memoir of Daniel Macmillan. By Thomas Hughes. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co.

\* Thaddeus Stevens: Commoner. By E. B. Callender. \$1.25. Boston: A. Williams & Co.

† A Fair Philosopher. By Henri Daugé. \$1. (Kaaterskill Series.) New York: George W. Harlan & Co.

activity, whose ends are not unduly exalted or desired.' It is perhaps needless to explain that she has been reduced to this philosophy by a disappointment in love, and that she rapidly recovers from it on falling in love again. If she has spent the summer away from home, it has been with the summer school of philosophy at Mt. Desert, not the one at Concord.

THERE is enough in a name to give the reader a hint of what may be expected from a story called 'Forever and a Day.\*' It is written with the purpose of showing that human love, in this world of imperfections at least, cannot be expected to live forever and a day; but the lesson is unfortunately accompanied by the illustration of a love which died prematurely only to revive again when it was particularly undesirable. A more appropriate name for the book would have been 'Love crushed to Earth may rise Again'—to the extreme discomfort of the lover after he has married Another.

THE delicate refinement of Madame Craven's style is a pleasing thing to come across in recent French fiction; especially as the story shows that refinement can be made interesting. The story of 'Eliane,'† is natural and graceful, and the interest well sustained to the end, though we think it a pity that the author adhered to the old-fashioned custom of making everything right on the last page. The translation is faulty; grammatical errors are numerous, and we fear that the young lady who threw herself 'upon a canopy' (presumably in the original *canapé*), did not secure the rest she needed; while in priding herself upon carrying a bouquet of 'scarce flowers,' she trusted too much to the intuitions of her hearers.

It would seem that the incidents of 'Prince Hal'‡ must have been supplied by one person, and the incidentals by another; the incidents being extremely commonplace, while the casual descriptions and remarks make the book decidedly readable. The best part of it is the first, where the heroes and heroines appear as children; some belonging to the class who appear at baptism in little frocks and sashes of the rarest lace and costliest silk, ready to renounce the vain pomp and glory of the world, and one—the real hero of the story—destitute of shoes and stockings, but proud of being the only one with a sore toe. Prince Hal scarcely appears at all, till we are half way through the book, and is never conspicuous in it. He apparently received his name in early youth from the fact that he wore princely clothes; for he certainly does not exhibit any princely qualities, though the author perhaps considers the fact that he died bravely on the field of Chickamauga (even then, however, on the wrong side) an atonement for an act of cowardice in his earlier history.

BEFORE one is fully aware of the strength in the story of 'A Mere Caprice,'§ he is conscious of something very attractive in the way in which it is told. As it develops, new elements of power make themselves felt; until as a rounded and finished whole, it seems to us 'one of the literary events of the season.' The author deals with the perplexing problems of Parisian life and temperament; and, while ignoring none of the situations more apt to develop themselves in Paris than in America, she treats them in a way which does not make them seem the less probable for being viewed from a higher plane than usual. The central idea is that of a woman-of-the-world who does good, as she would evil, by caprice; the 'mere caprice' of the novel being her adoption of a foundling. The plot is strong and original; the interest is sustained to the end. One does not know until the very last sentence what will actually happen; while that which does happen has the merit of being what would have happened in real life. Indeed, nothing is more remarkable in the book than its fidelity to the probabilities of life, rather than to the possibilities of fiction. The foundling's parents do not prove to be any of the distinguished people in the story, and remain entirely unknown to the end, and nothing human in the book exhibits superhuman powers of appearing at just the right moment for the novelist. It was a great gain in literature when novelists learned to allow their heroes and heroines to bear the penalty of their own temperament or actions; but Miss Healy has touched another delicate point in dealing with that other powerful factor in human life—the factor of Circumstance. Happiness, suffering, love, and death, come to the heroine at the 'mere caprice' of the mother who had adopted her to annoy a sister-in-law, and who discarded her when she had served her purpose.

#### Educational Works.

IT SEEMS hardly worth while to scrape the periodical press for reading matter for the young, as Mr. Baker is doing in his 'Reading Club' (Boston: Lee & Shepard), if the last issue (No. X.) is a specimen of the material one is to get. There is plenty of good reading to be had without dredging for it. It should be remembered that the books we put into the hands of young people form their taste in

\*Forever and a Day. By Edward Fuller. \$1.50. Philadelphia: Lippincott.  
†Eliane. From the French of Mme. Augustus Craven, by Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Paper 50 cents, cloth 70 cents. New York: W. S. Gottsberger.  
‡Prince Hal. By Fanny Andrews. Cloth, \$1.25; paper, 60 cts. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.  
§A Mere Caprice. By Mary Healy. \$1.25. Chicago: Jansen, McClurg & Co.

literature, and enter into their intellectual composition. Nothing but the best should find a place on their study-table. Certainly, nothing else should be put there by those who are interested in a true culture for the young. Most of the pieces selected for this volume should not have left the columns of the newspapers where they were first printed. For any literary excellence they would have been ruled out of most journals, though a few of them possess a kind of maudlin pathos, or a diluted wishy-washy sentiment, suitable to the tender moments of a car-driver, or a hostler's incipient stages of courtship.

In a 'Primer of Logical Analysis' (San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft & Co.), Prof. Josiah Royce endeavors to lead very young students to more methodical habits of English composition, and his work covers in part the ground usually gone over in grammar under the head of analysis; and also a part of the work generally assigned to books on rhetoric, as well as the primary treatment of logic proper. It may be doubted whether pupils will not find in *good* works on rhetoric, grammar, and composition as much that is useful to them, with less of the dryer element of logical *formulae*. But if they must in their earlier years be introduced to these forms, which it requires the genius of a Sir William Hamilton to make other than arid to the ordinary boy, then this book will serve the purpose well. It is safe, clear, and sufficiently comprehensive.

We fear that Mr. Harrington, in his recent 'Graded Spelling Book' (Harper), has over estimated the abilities of children of six, seven, and eight years—the years when they would be expected to reach the ground indicated in his little volume. The rapid advance implied by his first thirty lessons, for instance, might be possible for children who, for any reason, have reached the age of ten without learning to spell; but under that age, some trials of patience on the teacher's part, and much discouragement on that of the pupil, would, in our judgment, be certain. If the jumps were shorter, or if the child's mind could be left to grow between the lessons, more than even such elastic minds do grow in a single night, the progress might be secure. We like much, however, in Mr. Harrington's method—the gradual introduction of marks of punctuation; the union of spelling with the practice of writing; the short preliminary reading lessons, which help the pupil to definite notions of the words he is learning to spell, without the dry and onerous task of committing definitions to memory.

In 'Elements of Plane and Spherical Trigonometry' (Holt: \$2)—the latest volume of a series on mathematics which Prof. Newcomb began publishing about a year ago—he pursues essentially the same method as in the 'Algebra' and 'Geometry'—a more minute subdivision of subjects, a staking out of the ground, so to speak, and a sufficient drill in details before the combination with complicated forms is made; the introduction of exercises well chosen to show the practical value of the *formulae* derived, and to give the mind a slight acquaintance with the new ground from which it is to make a new leap in the dark. These exercises advance the student to fresh applications of an old knowledge, to a translation of the practical problems which he has learned in geometric language into a new and finer language, richer in resources for the expression of the more abstruse calculations. Another characteristic feature is that of introducing the elements of higher mathematical processes earlier than is done in most books—not in a logical connection with the uses to which they are to be put, but in the group of elements where they can be most easily explained. The pedagogical book-maker is very fond of finishing each little job handsomely before he proceeds to another, and to the logical understanding this seems excellent; but Prof. Newcomb recognizes what the practical teacher soon discovers, that the provident workman sharpens *all* the tools when he has the grindstone at hand, and lays them by for use when they are needed. These things, however, relate to the order of progression, in a pupil's development. This volume has the same excellences in other respects heretofore noted in regard to the other books of the series.

#### Minor Notices.

THE story of some of the prominent missionaries of the present century is told by Bishop Walsh in a series of popular sketches, entitled 'Modern Heroes of the Mission Field' (Whittaker: \$1.50). The list begins with Martyn, Carey, and Judson, and ends with David Livingstone and Bishop Patteson. The author is in full sympathy with the spirit of these pioneer workers, and has produced readable and stimulating sketches.—A much fuller and more satisfactory account of one of these men—and a volume whose excellence distinguishes it greatly from some others of the Heroes of Christian History Series to which it belongs—is the 'William Carey' of James Culross (Armstrong: 75 cts.). It is written in a compact, nervous style, free from rhetoric and moral reflections, and is heartily to be commended as a brief but complete account of the work of a great leader in modern missionary effort, and a capital introduction to the history of missions in the 19th century.



WE consider the table of contents the best thing in Mr. Tiffany's 'Bird-Bolts' (Boston: Ellis: 75 cts.). The headings to the chapters are bright and suggestive, but given the heading, it is easy in most cases to evolve from one's own inner consciousness the little essay into which the author will elaborate it. The book belongs to the class briefly to be characterized as pleasant reading; it is not without brightness, and is eminently sensible. Several of the articles first appeared in the Boston *Sunday Herald*.

MR. HORACE C. HOVEY has essayed to bring together, in a monograph on 'Celebrated American Caverns' (Cincinnati: Clarke: \$2.) a mass of information relative to them, and especially to the long-celebrated Mammoth and the more-recently-popular Wyandot and Luray caves. In the first chapter the structure and variety of caverns are considered; in the second, their contents—mineral, vegetable and animal; in the third, their uses as cave-dwellings, sepulchres and temples; and in the succeeding chapters, the special and great caves of the United States—the Mammoth cave (Chaps. IV.-VIII.), the cave-region of Indiana, and particularly the Wyandot cave (Chaps. IX., X.), the caves of the Shenandoah Valley (Chap. XI.), the caverns of Luray (Chap. XII.), Howe's cave, Schoharie Co., N. Y. (Chap. XIII.), and other American caverns (Chap. XVI.). The work is of a popular character, and contains nothing especially noteworthy as new, but the information will be useful to the many pilgrims to the places in question. The table of chapters does not agree with the contents, so far as the pagination is concerned; but the same need not be said of the index.

THERE is a great deal of good practical advice to young housekeepers—and old ones, too, for that matter—in Mrs. Dewing's 'Beauty in the Household' (Harper: \$1). The author does not run mad after the aesthetic, but gives the reader the advantage of her excellent taste and practical experience. Her suggestions are not in the direction of expensive things, except in a few instances: she seems to find more pleasure in telling persons of limited means how best to spend their money, than in giving hints to the rich. When homes are to be made attractive by the display of a little taste, we are ready to welcome any book that tends to its cultivation. Mrs. Dewing not only preaches beauty in the parlor, but in the kitchen. She does not recommend the adornment of the latter apartment with costly bric-à-brac, but merely by a tasteful arrangement of brighter pots and pans, and prettier earthenware. The kitchen of Couture, the French painter, is described as a model of its kind. We hold, with Mrs. Dewing, that the kitchen is the only room whose walls should be hung with plates or plaques. Fine bits of china that are intended for ornament should be kept in glass cabinets—not hung on the walls of drawing-rooms. Mrs. Dewing's criticisms and suggestions are worthy of attention even when her English is most suspicious; as in the 'loss of the ideal for the realistic,' and the treatment of a subject 'from an intrinsic point of view.'

MR. H. B. ELLWANGER, the proprietor of certain nurseries at Rochester, N. Y., has furnished a useful manual on 'The Rose' (Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.25). While there is nothing specially notable or new in the volume, there is presented in a concise and cheap form much information that is not generally accessible to persons interested in flowers. The author admits the existence of numerous valuable works on the rose, and especially English works; but he thinks 'the differences of climate, etc., render necessary for this country a modification and change in the directions for culture; the same reasons will lead us to select a somewhat different list of varieties for general cultivation from what would be chosen by English rosarians.' It is added, that 'new varieties, new classes and types are being produced; by experience, all learn that modifications of old established principles are often necessary, and, therefore, fresh gleanings from the rose-garden will ever be acceptable and interesting when coming from observing and loving devotees of La Reine. While, therefore, this book neither expects nor desires to supersede its predecessors, it asks admission to their fellowship, hoping that it contains enough that is distinctive and of merit to be considered companionable.' We need not object to these demands and hopes, for they are not unreasonable. A catalogue of varieties, describing all sorts of roses now in general cultivation, is given, in which 956 different kinds are enumerated, with accompanying descriptions.

'It is a source of congratulation,' says Mr. C. W. Bowen, in 'The Boundary Disputes of Connecticut' (Boston: Osgood: \$5), 'that Connecticut possesses all the territory she now has.' It might with equal justice be said that the contiguous states may congratulate each other that Connecticut has left any territory to any of them. She has no neighbor with whom she has not had disputes about boundaries. They were begun almost as soon as there was anybody there to begin them—that is, about two centuries and a half ago. They have been continued through all that time with as much zeal as if they were one of the articles of faith in the Saybrook Platform. It is only a little more than a year since they were concluded by a final agreement between Connecticut and New York as to a permanent dividing line; and the world is indebted to a map in this volume for

the first absolutely accurate information as to where Connecticut really is, according to her true metes and bounds. This may be accepted as an assurance, no doubt, that the state is not likely again to slop over. It is only fair to add, however, that in all these differences—so carefully cherished from the time that the pious Captain John Mason took possession of the Pequot country by burning six hundred Indians in one of their villages, down to the year 1881—Connecticut has not always been without provocation. If she has sometimes sinned, she has often been sinned against, and she has certainly maintained her rights most manfully. It is not likely the subject will ever find a more faithful historian than Mr. Bowen, and his volume will, without doubt, be accepted as an authority hereafter by all who shall have occasion to recur to it.

THERE is a class of readers who will welcome the second volume of Schouler's 'History of the United States' (Washington: William H. Morrison) because it is so thoroughly partisan in its tone. While it deserves a good deal of praise for its general faithfulness to facts and for its minute details, it can be as obscure or as misleading as the resolutions of a ward primary meeting, when the author prefers to remember party and forget history. A reader not familiar with the 'inside of politics' in 1801-1817 would never conjecture, for example, from this volume that President Jefferson's policy was ever influenced by any proclivity to French ideas and an admiration of France; or that there was any crookedness in his way of dealing with the Monroe-Pinkney treaty of 1807; or that the second war with England cannot be said, with any regard to historical truth, to have come to an end without any more concession on the part of the United States than on the part of England. If, however, something must be pardoned to the blindness of the partisan writer, one may reasonably ask of the historian more accuracy than the assertion that 'Parliament abolished slavery in the British Colonies' in 1808.

### Indian and Negro Myths.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

IT is very probable that 'The Indian Legend of the Rabbit', given in THE CRITIC of August 12th, is incorrect in some of its details, the result partly of translation and partly of transcription; but it is of great interest. A correspondent in Richmond, Va., who embarrasses me by withholding her name—(the handwriting is delightfully feminine)—sent me some weeks ago the outlines of a negro legend wherein Miss (or Mis.—Mrs.) Rabbit destroyed Brer Rabbit's power and her own peace of mind temporarily by lending her husband's foot to the Wolf in order to give him good luck. 'I know whar I put dat foot, but I dunner whar I lef' im.' With this riddle—a typical one—to solve, the Rabbit begins a painfully laborious search for his foot, being compelled to retrace his tracks for many weary months. I judge from the tenor of the legend given in THE CRITIC that the Indians at present regard, or have at some period of their history regarded, the rabbit-skin as a token of good luck. Upon the Southern plantations, hundreds of negroes carried rabbit-feet in their pockets, and the practice is still kept up. The rabbit-foot is a charm with many virtues.

MR. W. O. TUGGLE, of Georgia, who has had comparatively intimate relations with the Creeks and other tribes in Indian Territory, as their attorney in the matter of certain claims against the government, has made a considerable collection of their myth-stories which will doubtless be given to the public in book form. They are more interesting to me than any Indian stories I have ever read, but perhaps this is because several are very nearly identical with some of the Uncle Remus legends. One that I remember is a variant of the story printed in THE CRITIC\*, wherein the Rabbit prevents the Fox from burning the Terrapin in a field of broom-sedge. Mr. Tuggle is a careful and painstaking investigator, and he will leave none of the ground uncovered—at least so far as the tribes in Indian Territory are concerned.

I am not specially well versed in folk-lore, but I presume his collection will possess scientific value. Let us hope so, at any rate. It would be a wonder if any contribution to myth-literature could be made that would not be promptly traced, historically or psychologically, to the Aryan sun-myth—as, for instance, if a South American cotia creeps in at one end of a hollow log and out at the other, or if Brer Fox runs Brer Rabbit into a hollow tree, we have the going down and the rising of the sun typified. And, really, the sun-myth does nobody any harm; if it is quackery it is quackery of a very mild kind. In the meantime, let us be thankful that a genuine interest has been developed in American folklore.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS.

ATLANTA, GA., September 1, 1882.

\* 'Nights with Uncle Remus (No. 2).' 'Mr. Fox Figures as an Incendiary.' THE CRITIC, Vol. 1., No. 8., April 23, 1882.

## The Critic

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### The Copyright Negotiations.

THE negotiations for an international copyright treaty with Great Britain are alleged, on what authority we know not, to have been discontinued. The American publishers, who are vitally interested in the matter, seem to be as much in the dark concerning the origin of the report as the writers for the daily press. Some time ago, it will be remembered, it was explained that the chief obstacle in the path of the treaty-seekers was the demand of the English publishers that they should be allowed to monopolize the manufacture of books by English authors, whether designed for the English or the American market. The injustice of this claim was made clear to them, and they withdrew it. But no sooner had this obstacle been removed than another arose on the spot where it had stood. The English publishers consented to the manufacture in America of English books to be sold here, but insisted that they should not be issued within a certain period (say six months) after their appearance in Great Britain. This proposition could not, of course, be accepted by the American publishers; but (if we are not misinformed) the attempt to bring its advocates to terms has not yet been abandoned; and this one stumbling-block removed, there is reason to hope that there will be no further delay. Meanwhile the publishers are greatly puzzled by Minister Lowell's reported statement concerning their opposition to a movement which they claim to have begun. Whatever may be the result of the negotiations for an international treaty, we are in a position to state that they have by no means been abandoned.

### Newspaper Quarrels.

WHAT a prodigious clamor is this which rises daily from Printing House Square! All the newspapers are set by the ears, and are exchanging billingsgate as lustily as fishwives. Even here, in our quietude of Lafayette Place, the noise of the brawling is distinctly audible. From our roof, with the aid of a telescope, we can make out the movements of the disputants. There goes the great, overgrown *Herald*, waddling complacently along its way—and see, the *Times* darts out as it passes, shrieks 'Blatherskite newspaper, yah!' and disappears. And there is the *World* in ambush for the *Times*. 'Vile and venal! Vile and venal!' And so they, too, get to blows. And *The Sun* and *Tribune* are hard at work, pommeling each other in vigorous fashion. And *The Star* is in the thick of the fray, whirling its shillelagh, trailing its coat behind it. Never was there such an unseemly din.

Now note, that in this journalistic hullabaloo the conductors of the fighting newspapers are persons who in private life would no

more use foul language than they would spit on a drawing-room carpet. Take, for instance, *The Sun*. Its editor is an admirable scholar, a brilliant writer, a journalistic strategist of the highest order. Yet, standing head and shoulders above the average of mankind, he confides to the meanest reader of his paper that at some period of his life, he, or *The Sun*, fell out with the Cincinnati *Gazette* and the Philadelphia *Ledger*. For years he has bombarded his readers with starveling jokes about the editors of those papers—persons who to his large constituency are mere shadows, myths, creatures of no interest whatsoever. Far from raising a laugh, these jests only serve to make the judicious grieve. 'What!' cry the public, 'is it possible that a journal so genial in its tone, so catholic in its tastes, preaching humanity and good will to all, can at the same time be mean, petty, and vindictive?' And the dignity of journalism suffers.

Thrifless Captain Shandon, lying in his sponging-house, expressed his conviction that the public cared nothing for the squabbles of journalists. Instead of profiting by his experience, we have newspapers which push their combativeness to the verge of pedantry. Where, let us ask, is there a sprightlier and racier journal than *The New York World*? Yet which of its much-enduring readers has not been bored to death by its comments on the genealogical blunders of its contemporaries? 'Our unlettered contemporary, the *Herald*, refers in an obituary to the Prince of Pompernickel. 'Can it be possible that under this mask the *Herald* disguises the renowned Prince of Pompernickel?' With which the leading editorial, on the morning of some great political crisis, is at once devoted to Pompernickel, and Pompernickel's family, and Pompernickel's estates, and a spray of fine scorn is showered over the newspaper which called him Pompernickel; and then some one else discovers that the *World's* lucubrations on the Pompernickel family are entirely wrong; and the *World* has to devote another leading editorial to defending its edition of the 'Almanach de Gotha'; and so the farce wags merrily on. To match it one must look to the society papers in England, where those silly persons, Messrs. Yates and Labouchere, addressing each other playfully as 'Henry' and 'Edmund,' set dots on each other's biographical i's and cross each other's heraldic t's.

For our part, we hope that we practice what we preach. Our success has not been won by sparring with possible rivals or avenging imaginary slights. Our readers have not been drawn to us by exhibitions of scientific fencing with unfriendly editors who may have looked slightly on our growth. *Allons*, worthy but unfriendly editors! Blow out your wrath against us. Sneer at us: attack us: and we will bear your blows with fortitude. Some day, perhaps, you will write a book, and then we will summon our own particular Mr. Bludyer, our slashing critic, who . . . But no! Even then we will be as impartial as of yore.

THE Thirtieth Annual Report of the Trustees of the Boston Public Library shows the number of volumes added in the various departments within the past twelve months to have been 13,239. There are now, in the main building and branches, no less than 404,221. It is not, however, by the number of printed pages on its shelves that the importance of such an institution can be determined: it is by the variety and the quality of its contents, and their accessibility to the special student and the general reading public. In these respects the Boston Public Library may well be taken as a model. Its Trustees have good warrant for pronouncing it 'the best general working library in America.' The examinations made in the various departments by experts of acknowledged standing are an excellent feature. Of the reports submitted by these examiners, only one is published—that of Mr. H. H. Furness, who was entrusted with the investigation of the Shakspearian collection. 'There are only three public libraries in England,' writes Mr. Furness, 'which, in their Shakspearian departments, are superior to that in Boston—the British Museum, the Bodleian, and Trinity College, Cambridge. Here, in the United States, the Boston Public Library is easily the first.' The works recommended for purchase by the other examiners will be procured. It is interesting to find that the Library and the schools of Boston 'are forming a still closer connection'; that the teachers 'are influencing those under their care to avail themselves freely' of the Library's resources in books; and that the Librarians have labored to make their equipment complete, 'so that almost every department of elementary study shall be supplied with books of interest and attraction, calculated to diversify, without interfering with, the severer study of the school.' We will not contrast the admirable efficiency of the Boston Public Library with the inadequacy of its metropolitan rivals; or the well-directed zeal of the Boston public school-teachers with the apathy of their fellow-laborers in New York.



THE *Tribune* reads the managers of the libraries in this city a lecture on the practice of summer closing. The fact that the churches 'do not scruple to close their doors for the summer season' should not, it argues, be appealed to by the librarian, since people do not come to New York in hot weather to go to church. Provincial students, on the other hand, often get no other opportunity of visiting the great metropolitan store-houses of learning than that which is afforded by a brief vacation in the dog-days. 'Unless extraordinary repairs are in progress,' says the *Tribune*, 'no library should require five weeks for renovation.' A successful merchant remarked, some time ago, that the clerk who could be spared for six weeks every summer, could be spared for twelve months every year. The library that is closed for five weeks annually would not be greatly missed if its portals were barred for the remaining forty-seven. What is chiefly needed is a library that shall remain open three hundred and sixty-five days in the year.

REV. DR. LIPPINCOTT, of Dickinson College, returned from Kansas, to Carlisle, Pa., about a week ago, with sixty Kiowa, Comanche, Cheyenne, Arapahoe, and Pawnee Indian children. As soon as he can get away, Captain Pratt will go to Dakota for about seventy Sioux, and to New Mexico for twenty Navajoes. These accretions will swell the band of pupils at the Barracks to more than 375, representing thirty different tribes. The present term at Carlisle began on Monday last. At Hampton there are now about 100 Indian boys and girls. The good that is being done by these schools is incalculable.

### "The Bells of Shandon."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

As *Harper's Magazine* is publishing Mr. Black's new story, 'Shandon Bells,' the Editor takes occasion to reprint in the September number 'Father Prout's' poem of that name. The popularity of this trumpery piece of doggerel has always been incomprehensible to me. The verses have a single dubious merit—that of facility. There is a catching lilt about them which fully equals, nay excels, that outworn jingle, 'Punch in the presence of the passenjare.' Some of the double rhymes are ingenious enough, and if its admirers were only content to let it stand as an after-dinner improvisation, to be listened to in the kindly mood which gave it birth, one could have no quarrel with them. But they are not, and so we may fairly demand that they shall justify their praises. In the very first line, the phrase 'deep recollection'—

'With deep affection and recollection  
I often think of the Shandon Bells,'—

may perhaps be good Erse, but as English it is unintelligible. Nor does it seem worth while of the Father to state that he thinks of a thing when he recollects it, as that is a not infrequent phenomenon. In the third line, the rhyme 'wild would' and 'childhood' might stand as an awful example of the worst literary immorality, were it not for the more flagrant instances—'glib rate' and 'vibrate' and 'Moscow' and 'kiosko'—in the same poem. Or again, take 'Vatican' and 'Nôtre Dame'—which is like nothing so much as

'All work and no play  
Makes Jack a dull boy.'

There is no excuse in a writer of Prout's attainments for workmanship so slovenly. Prout's literary conscience must have been seared with a red-hot iron before he could thus trifle with his gift. Again, were it not for the necessities of rhyme, Prout would scarcely have described the sound of bells as 'grand.' Chimes are melodious, merry—what you will; but the epithet 'grand' is assuredly not a happy one.

If the rhyme is bad the rhythm can hardly be called Virgilian. Irish poets are not nice-eared. From Moore downward their verses jig it with too liberal a step. For examples of redundancy, take 'Tolling sublimely in Cathedral shrine,' or 'Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly'; which last, whether for rhyme or rhythm, is surely as weak a line as poet ever penned. Nor is our author's choice of words absolutely faultless. The 'swelling' of a belfrey (second stanza) must indeed have impressed his youthful mind; but surely 'knelling' is improperly used in the same context; nor is a bell a 'cymbal' (stanza three) any more than it is a trombone or a kettle-drum. On the whole, there would appear to be more of poetic license than of poetry in this remarkable production.

By the time he arrives at the last stanza poor Prout's condition becomes painfully apparent. He begins by stating baldly, 'There's a bell in Moscow,' and there leaves it. 'There's milestones on the Dover road,' says Mr. F.'s Aunt, in 'Little Dorrit.' It is safe to let the Father's statement stand unchallenged; though if he would have us believe that he has listened in his time to the Great Bell of Moscow, which is a huge mass of cracked metal never yet hoisted from the ground, we might not be so complaisant. But let him go on:

'while on tower and kiosko (hie!)  
In St. Sophia the Turkman gets'—

(Gets on a tower;—how elegant a phrase!)

'Such empty phantom I freely grant 'em'—

'Phantom,' my good fellow? There's no phantom here! nobody's in the room but your friend. John, carry Mr. Mahoney to his bedroom! 'Phantom' and 'ant'em,' indeed! Evidently, Prout has read 'Hudibras'—

'One for sense and one for rhyme  
I think's sufficient at one time.'

O for the noble candor of Scott's Pet Marjorie, who if she forces a rhyme, straightway appeases us with—

'I could not find a rhyme for Roman,  
So was obliged to call him woman.'

Show me a single ray of fancy, a single touch of pathos, a single original thought in the whole poem, and I will recant in sackcloth.  
NEW YORK, SEPT. 3d, 1882. EDW. J. HARDING.

### LITERARY NOTES.

A LITERARY treat is promised in an early number of *The Century*—a biographical and critical sketch of Victor Hugo, by M. Alphonse Daudet.

The Poet Laureate is one of the distinguished Englishmen who favor the placing of a bust of Longfellow in Westminster Abbey.

Dr. D. G. Brinton, of 115 South 7th Street, Philadelphia, announces a Library of Aboriginal American Literature, to comprise a series of works by American aborigines, each possessing some historical or ethnographical interest, 'in addition to its value as a linguistic monument.' These works, which are mostly in the form of unpublished manuscripts at present, will be printed in the original tongues, with English translations and notes. The following are among the titles already determined on: 'The Chronicles of the Mayas,' edited by Dr. Brinton himself, and to be published this year; 'Central American Calendars,'—a unique collection; 'The Annals of Quauhtitlan'; 'The National Legend of the Creeks,' edited by Albert S. Gatschet; and 'The Chronicles of the Cakchiquels.' The volumes in this series, which will be one of great value to American ethnologists and archaeologists, are to be printed from type, on heavy paper, and few copies will be struck off beyond the number subscribed for. A subscription to the first will not bind the subscriber to take the later-issued volumes.

Mr. W. E. Griffis, author of 'The Mikado's Empire,' has written an exhaustive work, 'Corea: the Hermit Nation,' for the Messrs. Scribner. It will be illustrated by engravings from photographs and pictures made by Japanese artists and others, and will contain a number of official maps. This firm have also in press 'Logic and Life'—a volume of sermons by H. S. Holland, that has attracted attention in England; and a volume of Essays by President Porter, of Yale.

Mr. William Swinton has succeeded, after long litigation, in getting possession of the plates of his 'Campaigns of the Army of the Potomac,' which has been out of print for thirteen years. The book will be published at much less than the original price, but with all the maps and illustrations, by the Messrs. Scribner.

The Messrs. Holt have ready a new and revised edition of Good-holme's valuable 'Domestic Cyclopædia of Practical Information,' at half the original cost.

'Abroad' is the title of Marcus Ward & Co.'s holiday juvenile, a companion to 'At Home'. The subject is the trip to Paris, and through the old towns of Normandy, of a party of English children.

The August *Chrysanthemum* contains, among other articles of interest, the conclusion of 'A System of Ethics'—George W. Knox's abridgement of 'Okina Mondo'; and 'Pinioned,' a little Japanese comedy of the Middle Ages.

The Putnams will publish, early in October, a volume of 'Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life,' by Lady Bloomfield, who for many years was one of Queen Victoria's Maids of Honor. Her husband, Lord Bloomfield, was at one time Minister to Russia. The two stout volumes are said to contain much entertaining gossip. A volume of 'Chapters in Evolution,' by Andrew Wilson, is announced by this firm.

The *Knickerbocker*, in its latest 'Off-hand Portrait,' reminds Minister Morton, who is popularly believed to be not without ambition, that James Buchanan, 'once exiled in the same way,' was at length recalled, to become, 'not a Member of the Cabinet, but the Chief Magistrate of his country'.

M. Sauveur's instructive little monthly, *Récréations Philologiques*, contains, in its September number, rather more than the customary allowance of translations, correspondence, and editorial comment.

'A Quaker Soldier' (Wm. Penn), in *Our Continent* of Aug. 30, was the first of a series of articles concerning the City of Brotherly Love.

The Hughes Public Library, at Rugby, Tenn., will be opened on the 5th prox. It is well stored with donated books, the guardianship of which has been entrusted to Dr. E. Bertz, formerly of Tübingen University. Mr. Hughes's octogenarian mother, who still remains at Rugby, expresses confidence in the success of the colony.

The many thousand admirers of the genius of the Plymouth Pastor will be pleased to hear that Fords, Howard & Hulbert have decided to resume, after an interval of seven years, the publication of 'Plymouth Pulpit'—the weekly pamphlet edition of Mr. Beecher's sermons. The first number will be issued on Saturday, October 14. Single copies will be sold for seven instead of ten cents as formerly, and the subscription price will be \$2 instead of \$3.

By order of the Boston City Council, a pamphlet has been published giving an account of the re-dedication of the Old State House, which, on July 11th last, was transferred to the Mayor of the City. From 1830 to 1841 the building was occupied by the municipal authorities, but for years past it has been used for purposes of general business. It is now to be used as a storehouse of historical objects of local interest.

We have received the first number of *Arak-el-Emtr* (*The Rock of the Prince*), a quarterly, devoted to the expression of clear, and progressed, investigative thought, on matters pertaining to man's welfare, and published in New York.

Mr. J. Brander Matthews has prepared a collection of 'Poems of American Patriotism', which will be published by Chas. Scribner's Sons in October. Its chief novelty is in the chronological arrangement of the selections, each of which is set under the date of the event it celebrates. Some readers may be surprised to find that almost every incident in the history of the United States has been fitly sung by American poets.

C. F. S.: Thackeray invented the name of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, for his uses in 'Pendennis.' Mr. George Smith, his publisher, applied it to the newspaper which Thackeray projected, but did not live to see.

Mr. Edwin De Leon's 'The Khedive's Egypt,' published in 1877, has been revised by the author and brought down to date, and is issued in the Franklin Square Library as 'Egypt under its Khedives.'

'John Wynde's Wives,' a novel, by Charles M. Clay, author of 'Baby Rue,' and 'Divorce,' by Margaret Lee, are announced by John W. Lovell & Co. The books will be sold for twenty cents each in paper, and fifty cents in cloth; which is almost as little as could be asked for uncopyrighted books.

A recent English interpretation of an obscure American phrase is comic enough to call for special mention. *The St. James's Gazette* is an evening journal of the highest literary pretensions, which occasionally treats scientific subjects in a friendly way. It printed a paragraph, not long ago, describing a new American system of sending and receiving telegrams on trains in motion, and referred to experiments made on the 'Atlanta and Charlotte aerial railway'. The puzzled American reader wonders what an aerial railway may be, and why such a road should be needed between Charlotte, N. C., and Atlanta, Ga., where land is cheap; and how so remarkable a phenomenon as an aerial railway could exist in these United States unknown to their inhabitants. But if the proverbial inquisitiveness of the American leads him to consult a railway map, he finds that the 'aerial railway' is only the 'Atlanta and Charlotte Air Line' in disguise!

*The American Hebrew* issued yesterday (Friday) a limited edition of 'Songs of a Semite: The Dance to Death, and other Poems,' by Emma Lazarus. The volume includes all but two of Miss Lazarus's hitherto uncollected poems on Jewish subjects; notably, the stirring war-cry, 'The Banner of the Jew,' which first appeared in THE CRITIC. 'The Dance to Death,' is a five-act tragedy.

*Potter's American Monthly* has been swallowed up by *Our Continent*—a big mouthful, but a capacious maw.

Head Master Thomas D. Supl  e has just prepared a 'Handbook of the Constitution of the United States,' for Eldredge & Bro., of Philadelphia. He will now take up the 'Biography and Poems of Richard Realf'—a task which has been begun and abandoned by several different hands.

The Calendar of the University of Michigan shows the whole number of students at the end of the last term to have been 1534.

'Character Readings from George Eliot,' edited by Prof. Nathan Sheppard, editor of 'The Dickens Reader,' and author of 'Shut Up in Paris,' is in Harper & Bros.' press.

W. H. Allen, LL. D., President of Girard College from 1850 to 1863, and from 1867 to the 29th ult., died on the latter day, at the age of seventy-four. He had served at different times as President of Dickinson College, and of the Agricultural College of Pennsylvania, and was known as a contributor on educational and other subjects to various periodicals.

At least twenty-one post-office towns in the United States bear the name of Garfield.

New editions have just been brought out by Harper & Brothers of 'Ben-Hur,' the historical novel by General Lew. Wallace, U. S. Minister to Turkey, and 'Atlantis,' by Ignatius Donnelly.

Among the books to be published by Messrs. Appleton this fall are a new edition, enlarged and brought down to the present time, of Charles A. Dana's 'Household Book of Poetry,' and a volume of 'Fifty Perfect Poems,' selected by Mr. Dana and Rosseter Johnson, with seventy illustrations printed on India paper and mounted on the page; Austin Dobson's 'Eighteenth Century Essays'; the 'Bryant Birthday Book'; 'The Biography and Correspondence of W. C. Bryant,' edited by Parke Godwin; 'The Young People of Shakespeare's Dramas'—a juvenile book, by Amelia E. Barr; 'The Home Needle' and 'Home Occupations,' in the Home Books Series; 'Ragnarok: the Age of Fire and Gravel,' by Ignatius Donnelly, author of 'Atlantis'; and 'Hours with Art and Artists,' by G. W. Sheldon, illustrated with steel-engravings and woodcuts.

Harper & Bros. have begun a two-column edition of the Franklin Square Library, with covers. The price is the same, but the new edition is an improvement on the old one.

The fall Book-Trade sale will begin at Clinton Hall on the 26th inst. An important feature of the sale will be the stereotype plates offered by Sheldon & Co., which include those of the well-known 'Rollo Books'.

*The Magazine of American History* for September (A. S. Barnes & Co.) has two or three articles which may be read with pleasure and profit, but we miss in it generally the tone that used to belong to it. It may be that this is just as it is intended it should be; that the purpose is to popularize it for the sake of a larger circulation. There is an article in this number on Calhoun which is hardly in place anywhere in the last quarter of the Nineteenth Century. It may be a question whether or no an editor should indulge in the luxury of convictions, but he should at least have tact. The generation that believed in the theology and political philosophy of this article is dead—or dying.

N. Tibbals & Sons will issue at once 'The City Temple Pulpit Sermons,' by the Rev. Joseph Parker, of London, with other homiletical matter.

The extinct *Overland Monthly* has yielded up its title to the six-years-old *Californian*. Volume VII. of the latter magazine, which will begin with the new year, will appear as Volume I. of *The Overland* (new series), the grizzly bear resuming his whilom aggressive attitude on the cover. Let us hope that the new *Overland* will be as fortunate as its predecessor in bringing to light such a genius as Bret Harte's.

Dr. Schaff, after having completed his exegetical labors ('Lange's Commentary,' and his own 'Illustrated Popular Commentary on the New Testament'), has returned to his favorite historical studies, and will soon issue two or three new volumes of his 'History of the Christian Church,' which was begun in 1858. He has been urged again and again by scholars at home and abroad to finish this work. The first volume has been entirely rewritten and brought up to the present state of investigation in Apostolic and post-Apostolic history. The first volume contains the 'History of Apostolic Christianity,' and will be published at the end of this month by Charles Scribner's Sons. It is a stately volume of over 800 pages, and is designed as a complete vindication of the Gospels and the Apostolic church against the attacks of modern scepticism. It notices every important work and enters into all the difficulties connected with the life of Christ and the various books of the New Testament from Matthew to Revelation. It is by far the most complete and scholarly work on that most important period of church history, which now more than ever claims the attention of the Christian public. The second volume contains post-Apostolic or ante-Nicene Christianity down to A. D. 325, and will be published during next winter. This, too, is thoroughly revised and mostly rewritten. Another volume, on the History of the Middle Ages down to the Reformation, is also in the printer's hands, and may be expected before the close of the coming year.

John Morley will soon begin to edit Macmillan's new monthly—*The English Critic*. He retains the editorship of *The Pall Mall Gazette*.

Peterson & Bros. announce 'The Girl in Scarlet,' and various other additions to their library of Zola's books; 'The Cardinal Girls,' by L. Halevy; and 'Genevi  ve's Victory' and 'Mme. de Dreux,' by Gr  ville.

Mr. O. B. Frothingham's 'Life of George Ripley' will be ready this fall.

It was the wish of our late Minister to Italy, the Hon. Geo. P. Marsh, that his library of 12,000 volumes should pass into the possession of an American institution. It sale has been entrusted to Mr. R. L. Nevin, care *The Churchman*, New York.



Jansen, McClurg & Co, of Chicago, will soon issue Rudolf Schmidt's 'The Darwinian Theories and their Relation to Religion, Philosophy, and Morality,' translated from the German under the author's supervision, by Dr. G. A. Zimmerman, and with an introduction by the Duke of Argyll. The same house announce 'Haydn,' in Dr. Nohl's popular series of Musical Biographies, translated by George P. Upton; 'The Nonpareil Cook Book,' by Mrs. E. A. Matthiessen, containing, with the recipes most approved in this country, a large number of new ones procured by the author in France, England, and Germany; 'The Essentials of Vaccination,' by Dr. W. A. Hardaway; 'Frontier Army Sketches,' by Jas. N. Steele; and 'The Time of Gustav Adolf,' the initial volume of the Surgeon's Stories (already announced in these columns) of Z. Topelius, one of the foremost of Swedish authors, whose historical tales are now for the first time translated into English.

Among the autumn announcements of Roberts Bros. are 'Under the Sun,' by Phil. Robinson—who has been acclaimed by the English press as a second Christopher North, Charles Lamb, or Dr. Holmes, or a cross between White of Selborne and Thoreau; Gautier's 'My Household of Pets,' translated by Susan Coolidge; 'Wit and Wisdom of Don Quixote,' with a biographical sketch of Cervantes, and illustrations; 'Art and Nature in Italy,' by Eugene Benson; 'Norse Stories Retold from the Eddas,' by Hamilton W. Mabie; 'The Wisdom of the Brahmin' (poem), from the German of Fried. Rückert, by Chas. T. Brooks; 'The Great Epics of Mediæval Germany,' by Prof. Geo. Theo. Dippold; 'Our Liberal Movement in Theology,' by Jos. H. Allen; 'Rare Poems of the XVIth and XVIIth Centuries,' collected and edited by W. J. Linton, with ninety-odd illustrations engraved by him; 'The Jean Ingelow Birthday Book'; 'Sermons and Addresses,' by the late Rev. Dr. Bellows; 'The Wife's Manual,' by the late Rev. Wm. Calvert; 'The Apology and Crito,' and 'The Phædo' of Socrates (both in the Wisdom Series); 'Sunshine in the Soul,' (second series); 'Proverb Stories,' and 'An Old-Fashioned Thanksgiving,' both by Louisa M. Alcott; 'Stories of Discovery, told by Discoverers,' by E. E. Hale; 'Hester Stanley at St. Marks,' by Harriet P. Spofford; 'Red Cloud, the Solitary Sioux,' by Lieut.-Col. Butler; new editions at reduced prices of Landor's 'Imaginary Conversations,' P. G. Hamerton's Works, and Jean Ingelow's Novels; new editions of the Poetical Works of Jean Ingelow, Christina and Dante G. Rossetti, Joaquin Miller, Edwin Arnold and Keats; and new editions of 'Nonsense Songs,' 'Mac and Maurice,' 'Posies for Children,' and 'Old-Fashioned Fairy-Tales'.

With the appearance of 'Faustine,' a new novel by Rita, which will be out about the middle of September, Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. commence the issue of a new series of novels, in general appearance not unlike the Round Robin and No Name books, and like them to be sold for \$1.

'Bullet and Shell' is the title of a war-novel, by Geo. F. Williams, of the *Herald*, which will be issued by Fords, Howard & Hulbert, this fall. Mr. Williams has intertwined a simple love-story with a series of campaign- and battle-scenes. He shows the army on the march, in battle, and in camp, his experience as an officer and newspaper correspondent enabling him to draw his pictures from the life. Edwin Forbes is to illustrate the book.

J. B. Lippincott & Co. have just issued Dr. Felix L. Oswald's 'Zoölogical Sketches,' a series of papers which originally ran through *Lippincott's Magazine*; and the first one-volume edition ever made of T. Buchanan Read's Poems, in large octavo form, and illustrated.

Mr. Bouton will soon receive, from the press of M. Quantin, a companion to 'L'Eventail.' It completes the series, and illustrates—with sixty-eight dainty vignettes engraved by Avril—'L'Ombrelle, Les Gants, et Le Manchon.' The edition is limited.

*Le Français*, the interesting and instructive little monthly, published at Cambridge, by M. Jules Lévy, will begin its third year in October. It is not published in summer. The June number had an index to the contents of the first two volumes, and a French translation of the 'Psalm of Life.'

*The Antiquary* and *The Bibliographer* for August (Bouton) are as full as usual of general articles, and notes and queries of peculiar interest to the specialists who delight in reading them. In the latter periodical the vexed question of the origin of printing is discussed, with a negative result, in a review of Hessel's 'Gutenberg: Was he the Inventor of Printing?' There is, also, a satisfactory report of the sale of the first portion of the Beckford Library, which fetched upwards of \$150,000. Perhaps the most interesting article in *The Antiquary* is that by Mr. J. Theodore Bent, on 'The Cradle of Modern Commercial Enterprise'—a history of the old Bank of St. George, which has stood down by the quays, in Genoa, ever since 1260.

*The Quarterly Review* of the M. E. Church (South) is no longer to be edited by a committee. Mr. J. W. Hinton, the original editor, has resumed control, and appeals 'for contributions from many gifted pens now rusting in idleness.'

Mr. Cushing is as indefatigable in writing about the Zuffis as he was, erstwhile, in studying them. To the current *Atlantic* he contributes a paper entitled 'The Nation of the Willows'—the first of a series on the tribe of his adoption.

The *Academy*, reviewing 'Essays from THE CRITIC,' remarks that Mr. Whitman's 'utterance on the death of Carlyle may well be classed among the most admirable of his poems. Not unlike Carlyle himself in the pithy strength of his ejaculation, there is a grandeur almost elemental in its diction, which ranges from the most comprehensive of criticism to real sublimity of thought and passion.'

Mr. W. S. Kennedy has a brief paper on John Burroughs in the *August Californian*.

Early next month T. Whittaker will issue Rosa Conder's translation of Père Didon's 'conferences' on 'Science without God.'

M. Jules Verne's 'The Cryptogram,' being the second part of 'The Giant Raft,' is on the list of the Messrs. Scribner, who also announce the first thoroughly 'American Boys' Handy-Book,' written and illustrated by Daniel C. Beard, who is an enthusiast on the subject, and has invented a number of games and implements of sport.

*The Nation* regards the essay on Byron, which first appeared in THE CRITIC, as the most valuable in Mr. Nadal's new book.

Among the forthcoming publications of J. R. Osgood & Co. are 'Memoirs of John A. Dahlgren,' by his widow; Lieut. Danenhower's 'Narrative of the Jeannette'; 'The Old Masters of Belgium and Holland,' by Mrs. Mary C. Robbins, illustrated; 'Parisian Art and Artists,' by Henry Bacon, illustrated; a translation of Gonse's 'Eugène Fromentin'; Howells's latest serial, 'A Modern Instance'; Poole and Fletcher's 'Index to Periodical Literature'; 'Poems,' by Margaret E. Sangster, and 'Poems of Love and Nature,' by Mary Clemmer; 'Old Love-Letters, or Letters of Sentiment,' written by persons eminent in English literature and history, and edited by Mrs. A. S. Richardson; with notes.

Mr. Whittier has written the introduction to the 'Letters of Lydia Maria Child,' and Mr. Wendell Phillips has furnished the appendix. The book will be published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. This firm have also in press a complete edition of the poems of T. B. Aldrich, illustrated by the Boston Paint and Clay Club; an edition, as already announced, of Hawthorne's works, with a bibliographical introduction to each volume by Mr. G. P. Lathrop; and an edition of Dr. Holmes's works, with additions and annotations to 'The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table.'

A writer in *Temple Bar* for August turns from a discussion of Mr. Froude's biography to criticise Carlyle's 'Irish Journal,' as published in *The Century*. He accepts the Scotchman's severe strictures on the Irish character, but defends Dr. William Cooke Taylor, whom Carlyle maligned, as 'one of the kindest, simplest, honestest, and most wholesome living of men.'

'Gesta Christi; or, a History of Human Progress,' by C. Loring Brice, is announced by Messrs. Armstrong.

#### FRENCH NOTES.

AN avalanche of summer novels has fallen upon the frequenters of French watering places. The crime of the Fenayrous, who cut up their man, bound his limbs with zinc, and threw his body into the Seine, has been utilized by M. Charles Jolliet, who published it as a romance with the title 'La Crime du Pont de Chaton' (Paris: Calmann Lévy). The same author gives to the public 'La Balle de Cuivre' (Firmin-Didot), 'Aurore' (Dentu), 'Mille Jeux d'Esprit' (Hachette), and promises in a few days 'Pénélope and Phryné' (Dentu). When this is the budget of one writer, and that writer one of no importance, who shall say that letters do not thrive in France?

Besides these there is a judicial novel, 'Le Secret du Juge d'Instruction' (Anglicé: 'The District Attorney's Secret'), by M. Pierre Delcourt (Marpon & Flammarion); a gallant novel, 'Réveillee Sophie,' by Chavette (same publishers), written in Paul de Kock's vein; a children's novel, 'Montvert,' by Mlle. Blanche de Rivière (Blériot); a blood-and-thunder novel, 'Les Suites d'un Duel,' by F. du Boisgobey (Dentu); and a gossiping, sketchy, satiric novel, 'Les Femmes Comme il en Faut,' by Emile Villemot (Ollendorff).

Among the poets there only appears the hitherto obscure name of M. Louis de Chauvigny, a young officer, who aspires to the laurels won by M. Paul Deroulède. He has collected his impressions of military life at Saint Cyr, his flirtations, his fugitive sensations, under the title 'Sac au Dos' (Ollendorff). Count F. de Gramont has put forth a collection of sextines, rondeaux, trios, and other metrical forms cultivated by the followers of Swinburne and Rossetti. He calls it 'Olim' (Ollendorff). Of new French verse, note also 'Boulogne,' by Edward Mariette (Mottetox).

'De Paris au Thibet' is the best of the books of travel. It is by the late François Garnier, one of the few voyagers who have entered

the Forbidden Land and climbed the Blue Mountains. It is published by Hachette. M. Henri de Parville's new treatise, 'L'Electricité' (Masson), is attracting wide attention, being as learned in exposition as it is popular in style. So, too, is a curious scientific work by M. Louis de Royaumont, entitled 'La Conquête du Soleil' (Marpon & Flammarion).

Lamaratine's Correspondence has been published in four volumes by Hachette. It would excite more discussion if it were not composed almost entirely of letters published in 1873. Still, it throws many side-lights on the old poet's life. In his declining years, he writes from the country to a friend: 'Gelée, grêle hier, grosse comme des pommes, pluie tous les jours, huissiers toutes les semaines, et plus une action sur un abonnement. Frère, il faut payer: c'est-à-dire, il faut mourir'.

M. Zola's forthcoming novel in *Gil Blas* will take its name, 'Au Bonheur des Dames,' from the motto of the milliner's shop in which the heroine works. This damsel, by the way, is to be young and innocent, and is to win her way from the doubtful surroundings of her girlhood to an honorable position in society. 'Cynical critics,' says *The Academy*, 'intimate that M. Zola, who is a shrewd man of business, has perceived signs of exhaustion in the vein so profitably worked in "L'Assommoir," "Nana," and "Pot-Bouille."'

M. Zola is supposed to desire to succeed M. Hugo as the sovereign pontiff of French letters; and as Hugo was 'Raconté par un Témoin de sa Vie,' so the former author smiles upon 'Emile Zola: Notes d'un Ami,' which his disciple, M. Paul Alexis, has published (Paris: Charpentier). Just as the Witness of M. Hugo's Life was enabled to present an earlier drama and juvenile poems, so M. Alexis has been permitted to print a hundred pages of M. Zola's immature verse—for Zola was once a poet, and a follower of De Musset. The story of his life as told by M. Alexis is not without interest. After a happy childhood and youth, he had a terribly hard struggle with poverty. It is this, perhaps, which has given so dark a tone to all his later writing. There is an interesting chapter on his method of work, in which it appears that the great stickler for accuracy and exactness has not hesitated to rely at times for his descriptions on the scant reports of friends, and his own 'divinations.' It was Flaubert who gave him notes on the imperial court-life for use in 'Son Eminence, Eugène Rougon.' With the recent publication of 'Une Campagne,' the collection of articles written last year in *Figaro*, M. Zola brings his career as a critic to a close. He has two volumes of short stories ready for publication, which were originally contributed to a Russian magazine, by arrangement with Tourguénief.

M. Anatole France, whose 'Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard, Membre de l'Institut' has been awarded a prize by the Academy, is now publishing a quaint tale, called 'Abeille,' in the *Revue Politique et Littéraire*.—The Academy has granted a prize to M. Georges Pallain for his editorial work on the Talleyrand correspondence, which was published in this country by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

#### GERMAN NOTES.

GERMAN strictures on Russian politics are of more than ordinary interest just now. The good understanding between the two great powers that has lasted for over half a century has been mainly due to the personal affection which existed between the rulers of the countries. Since the death of Alexander II. Germany has carefully watched every movement of her powerful neighbor, whose good or ill will would be of almost vital importance to her in any European emergency. The firm of Dunker & Humblot (Leipzig) has for several years been publishing a series of essays on Russian politics and Russian statesmen which has surprised even the best initiated in the secrets of the Court of St. Petersburg. The author is supposed to be Julius Eckardt, a Russian political refugee, now residing in Hamburg. The last two contributions to this series—'Russische Wandlungen' (Russian Changes), and 'Lose Blätter' (Stray Leaves)—have just been published, and, like their predecessors, they have caused somewhat of a sensation on the continent.—The first collected edition of the poet Lenau's works has just been issued by the Bibliographische Institut of Leipzig. Lenau, a Hungarian by birth, wrote only in German, and is claimed by the Germans as one of the best poets of the romantic school.—After several years of silence, Tourguénief has reappeared with two remarkably strong short stories—'Despair,' and 'The Song of Triumphant Love.' Thus far they are known only to the readers of the German periodicals to which they were contributed. They are written in the great novelist's best style, and deserve a wider circulation in this country than in their present form they are likely to attain.

#### ITALIAN NOTES.

'VECCHIE STORIE,' by P. G. Molmenti (Venice: Ongania), is a collection of the historical tales of Venice, presenting the moods of the great republic, its wars and laws, splendors and miseries. They were unearthed from the archives of the Frari, and when all that is

legendary has been cleared away, will be a valuable contribution to Venetian literature.—'Scritti Storici,' by C. Belviglieri (Verona: Drucker & Tedeschi), is compiled from the annals, not of a city, but of Italy, describing the Roman republic in the middle ages, and the geographical discoveries made from Venice and Genoa.—From the same wealth of historical lore are taken Signor Neri's essays, 'Passatempo Letterari' (Genoa: 'Sordo Muti'), opening with a tale of Bembo's daughter, and ending with a tale of Savonarola.—Garibaldi's death, the questions of divorce and universal suffrage, and now the unveiling of the statue of Arnaldo di Brescia, have kept the pamphleteers of Italy busy.

Signor Salvatore Farina, the distinguished novelist, has just brought out in Milan, a charming little story, more poetic and pastoral and less realistic than his previous works. 'Fra le Corde di un Contrabasso' is the humorously told story of a dreamy young musician who dwelt in the romantic scenery on the southern side of the Alps, and wandered over the mountains listening to the sounds of nature and trying to reproduce them on his instrument. It would not be Signor Farina's work if it did not end with a felicitous marriage.—De Amicis' new book is called 'Ritratti Letterari.' It contains essays on the actor Coquelin, Emile Augier, Paul Deroulède, the younger Dumas, Alphonse Daudet, and Zola.

### Science

#### Prof. Geikie's Geological Sketches.\*

PROF. GEIKIE, recently appointed Director General of the Geological Surveys of the United Kingdom, has brought together in one volume various essays contributed from time to time to various periodicals—*Nature*, *Good Words*, and *Macmillan's Magazine*—between the years 1861 and 1882. These essays are fourteen in number, and relate to a variety of subjects, but all having some relation to geology. He gives an account of his first 'geological excursion,' which was 'so far back' that he 'hardly likes to reckon up the years which have since passed away.' He gives an account of observations made during a recent visit to the United States, 'in Wyoming,' and on 'the geysers of the Yellowstone.' His sketches of his American experience will be interesting to the people of the United States, but we will more particularly indicate, as worthy of perusal, his essays entitled 'A Fragment of Primeval Europe,' and 'Geographical Evolution,' as well as the 'Geological Influences which have Affected the Course of British History.' The essays are written in a pleasant and popular style, and are almost entirely divested of technical terms and treatment; but, it is needless to add, they are perfectly scientific in manner.

#### "Guides for Science Teaching."

THE BOSTON SOCIETY OF NATURAL HISTORY inaugurated, some years ago, an excellent scheme in presenting to the teachers of Boston, courses of lectures on various subjects of natural history, illustrated by specimens. The specimens were brought together in such numbers as to enable each auditor to have one in his or her own hands. In other words, the courses, which became very popular, were truly devoted to object-teaching. It occurred to those interested in the management to prepare summaries of the lessons taught, and of these the seven named below have now appeared ('Guides for Science Teaching,' Ginn & Heath): No. I., 'About Pebbles'; No. III., 'Commercial and Other Sponges'; No. V., 'Common Hydroids, Corals and Echinoderms'; No. VI., 'The Oyster, Clam, and other common Mollusks'; No. VII., 'Worms and Crustacea,'—all by Alpheus Hyatt; No. II., 'Concerning a few Common Plants,' by Geo. L. Goodale; No. IV., 'A First Lesson in Natural History,' by Mrs. Agassiz (new edition). This series, according to Prof. Hyatt, is simply meant to supplement the lectures given to the teachers. In his own words, 'they are, therefore, to a certain extent, isolated chapters; but each in itself, it is hoped, will have a beneficial effect upon the teaching of the particular subject of which it treats. Being intended solely as aids to teachers, any attempt to use them as text-books would defeat the object of publication.' The 'guides' are small pamphlets, ranging from 26 to 68 pages each, and (more or less) illustrated. The last issued, Nos. VI. and VII., are specially well furnished with representations of objects discussed. No. IV. is a new edition of the well-known work published a number of years ago by the widow and the son of the lamented Agassiz. The pamphlets are sold at a small price—from 15 to 35 cents each. Prepared as they have been, they may be read with profit as well as pleasure by those who have scarcely an elementary knowledge of natural history, and may teach others how to teach the rudiments of that study.

\* Geological Sketches at Home and Abroad. By Archibald Geikie, LL.D., F.R.S. Illustrated. \$1.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.



### "The Coefficient of Safety in Navigation."

This pamphlet is a Baltimore reprint of a paper contributed by Prof. W. A. Rogers to Vol. VII. of the 'Proceedings of the U. S. Naval Institute.' As in constructions it is customary, after calculating the dimensions of a beam necessary to support a given load, to multiply this result by a coefficient of safety in order to meet unforeseen emergencies, so Professor Rogers proposes that in the estimation of the position of a ship at sea we shall apply to the result obtained by observations the coefficient which he has deduced from a discussion of the observed errors of the instruments and in the methods employed. The result will be that the navigator assumes that his ship is not at the point of the chart indicated by the computed latitude and longitude, nor even upon the line of position, but at any point within a belt formed by drawing parallels on each side of the line of position at such a distance as to include all the probable errors of altitude, chronometer, etc., incident to the particular circumstances of his observation and progress. This investigation was suggested by the remark of the captain of the ill-fated *Atlantic*, that 'he knew the position of his ship to within the length of the ship' twelve hours before she struck. Since then Professor Rogers has collected and discussed the data for hundreds of chronometers, compasses, and sextants, and has investigated the errors incident to the different methods employed in determining position; and he finds that the average error of a single observation at sea is not far from three miles, and that the average coefficient by which this number must be multiplied in order to provide for every contingency of danger is 3.5. In his opinion the navigator who assumes that he can get the place of his ship with certainty within five miles, or probably within fifteen, exhibits an over-confidence which may lead him to ruin.

Commander Harrington, Head of the Department of Navigation at the Naval Academy, criticises this paper in the same number of the 'Proceedings.' It indicates, he says, a field of investigation in which the efforts of naval officers may be usefully exerted. Its practical conclusions and warnings ought to be impressed upon every man who is permitted to lay a vessel's course.

## The Fine Arts

### Art Hand-Books.\*

It is an age of primers and hand-books and short cuts to knowledge. The people who are anxious to be, or to appear, fairly well informed on all manner of subjects form a large and increasing class, and it is to this circumstance, no doubt, that we owe the majority of such publications. There must, from time to time, be real need for new works of this nature, when the latest discoveries in any branch of knowledge and the more assured general views which result from them are of an elementary importance. This, at present, can hardly be said to be the case with art, except as regards its history and philosophy. Messrs. Smith and Slater have therefore done wisely, in their hand-book of 'Architecture: Classic and Early Christian' (1), to give prominence to that great sequence of architectural styles which connects, as they say, the architecture of modern Europe with that of the most ancient times. It is a pity, however, that this idea has not been allowed to govern more completely the entire arrangement of the volume. As it is, there is a redundancy of description, much of it dry without being precise, and the attempts at stating modern views as to the origin of the various styles, their development one out of another, and their influence on one another are, excepting the chapters on Greek, Byzantine, and Romanesque architecture, completely futile. It might have been different if the entire work had been entrusted to the writer of these chapters, for not only in the matter just mentioned, but also in every other respect, they are the best in the book. If the choice of the buildings to be described as typical were as good, if the descriptions were as clear, and the dependence of each style on preceding and contemporary styles were as well borne in mind throughout, the book would have more value. It meets a present demand, no doubt, and it may be useful as a book of reference to those who do not care to seriously study the subject it treats of. It is well illustrated for its purpose, and has a glossary of the few technical terms employed in it.—'Ancient Sculpture' (2), by George Redford, is to all intents and purposes a descriptive catalogue, with illustrations of the more celebrated Greek and Roman sculptures, partly included in an historic classification and partly arranged alphabetically. It contains, also, chapters on technic and æsthetic which are too meagre to be of any interest and would be better omitted.—'Ghiberti and Donatello, with other Early Italian

Sculptors' (3) reviews the entire history of the art in Italy down to the beginning of the Renaissance, and gives interesting sketches of the Pisani and of the pupils of Donatello, as well as of that artist and Ghiberti. The period covered by their lives is one of the most important in the history of art, and these miniature biographies are so written as not only to make us acquainted with the artists themselves, but also with the spirit of the times in which they lived. The author is not afraid of dealing with controverted questions, and shows, in small space, an intimate acquaintance with, and a warm enthusiasm for, his subject. The book is a good example of what all these art hand-books might be, for if compression can be practiced to this extent, there seems no reason why even wider subjects might not be treated with equal succinctness and yet be readable and reliable.

'China-Painting' (4) and 'Pottery Decoration under the Glaze' (5) are comprehensive manuals of these arts, and furnish the beginner with as much information as he is likely to obtain in any way without practice. The use of chemical formulæ in the last mentioned work, in treating of pigments and fluxes, would seem to be unnecessary, as all the substances mentioned can be bought ready prepared, and few decorators of pottery are accustomed to think in symbols and numbers.

### Art Notes.

THE art display at the Cincinnati Industrial Exhibition, which was opened on Wednesday last, is said to be of unusual excellence.

The annual exhibition of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts will begin on the 23d prox. Besides the usual prizes there will be four new ones for historical paintings—the first \$3000; the others gold, silver, and bronze medals. The first-prize picture becomes the property of the Academy.

Messrs. Knoedler & Co. have opened their gallery for the season with a fine collection of pictures, among which are three from the late Salon—Bouguereau's 'Twilight', Jean Aubert's 'Winter', and Toby Rosenthal's 'The Vacant Chair'. The most interesting picture in the collection is a single figure by J. F. Millet—'The Woodcutter'.

Chelsea, as seen from the river at low tide, is the subject of the first-page etching in *The Portfolio* for August. The plate is a good one, reflecting credit on the designer, Mr. Charles J. Watson; but we sympathise with the editor in his inability to say much about it, beyond the fact that 'here we have a town, a bridge, several blocks of houses, a quay, and some barges, and some houses are seen through the rigging of the nearest barge, and other more distant houses are visible beyond the picturesque bridge.' Mr. Hamerton contributes a long critical paper, with illustrations, on the cathedral of Autun, which was consecrated 750 years ago.

Mr. Ruskin has just bought a number of the etchings and water-colors of Mr. Thomas Moran, and some of the etchings of his wife. The veteran art-critic spent several afternoons in looking over Mr. Moran's portfolios, and expressed much surprise at the character of the country (mostly the Yellowstone) which they depict. He criticised the drawings with characteristic freedom and enthusiasm of utterance. Mr. Moran's power of painting rocks and drawing water was greater than that of any painter of whom he knew. An etching of an ocean-scene was pronounced 'the best thing ever done.' He termed Mrs. Moran's style of etching 'grand', and ordered duplicates of the specimens he had bought.

'Two Portraits of Lincoln' is the subject of a little paper in the *October Century*. The portraits are given, one as frontispiece and the other in the body of the magazine. The former is engraved by T. Cole from an ambrotype taken the day after President Lincoln's nomination, for his friend, ex-Gov. M. L. Ward, of New Jersey. It is the most interesting portrait of the President we have ever seen. In expression it is almost beautiful. The smaller portrait, which is from a photograph taken on the piazza of the White House six weeks before the assassination, is supposed to be the last ever made. There is a life's story in the difference between those two pictures: the one calm and thoughtful; the other thoughtful, too, but careworn and haggard beyond description.

On Thursday next the Panorama Building at 7th Avenue and 55th Street will be thrown open. The oil painting of 'The Battle of Montretout', to be exhibited there, is 377 feet long by 46 high. It represents the last effort of the citizens of Paris to break through the German lines, January 19, 1871. The well-known artist, Félix Philippoteaux, is the painter of this gigantic canvas. The exhibition is so arranged that the spectator, placed on the roof of a house of Montretout, can follow the progress of the battle raging in the city of Paris, with the Bois de Boulogne, and St. Germain and St. Cloud, with their parks. We are informed that Paul Philippoteaux, a son of Felix, is to make a panorama to succeed the one described, and that it will represent a striking episode of the battle of Gettysburg.

\* (1) Architecture: Classic and Early Christian. By Prof. T. R. Smith and John Slater. (2) A Manual of Ancient Sculpture. By George Redford. \$2 each. (Illustrated Art Hand-Books.) (3) Ghiberti and Donatello, etc. By Leader Scott. \$1. (Great Artists.) New York: Scribner & Welford. (4) China Painting, and (5) Pottery Decoration under the Glaze. By Louise McLaughlin. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

## The Drama

MESSRS. HARRIGAN AND HART, the only New York managers except those of the Madison Square Theatre who do not give up their boards to foreign vulgarities, have just made a curious experiment. Their reputation has been won in sketches of street-life, admirably humorous, full of human nature, conceived with originality and executed with unflagging spirit. The truth of their delineations was recognized by natives; the raciness of their fun was apparent to countrymen and foreigners; and the only limit to their success was set by the poverty of their music, which became gradually more monotonous and wire-drawn; by the wearing out of their material, which was wholly supplied by Mr. Harrigan's fanciful but never very fecund pen; and by the strong Irish bias of their pieces, which came to represent only one side of a city not at all distinctively Irish. The renowned campaign of the Mulligan Guards was therefore brought to a temporary close, and the ground was cleared for an Irish drama.

There is only one kind of Irish drama known to our modern audiences. That is the Irish drama which Mr. Dion Boucicault invented. When he invented it, he patented it, and his patent, so far as we know, has not yet run out. How he came to invent it we know not. Out of what forgotten stage-lore, oh! wonder-worker of our drama, came your Conns, and your Shanns, and your Myles-na-Coppaleens? Was the tender Eily O'Connor born in the imagination of some Frenchman who lived before the Revolution? Had honest whiskey-loving Father Tom his prototype in the works of the lamented Eugène Scribe? Nay, we care not to know. All these soft-spoken, tender-eyed, blarneying Irish folk carry the indisputable marks of their parentage. Let those who have been beguiled into calling Mr. Boucicault a plagiarist, let those who question his genius and sniff at the quality of his work, pay a visit to 'The Blackbird'. That is Messrs. Harrigan and Hart's new play. Mr. George L. Stout is the author. Mr. George L. Stout is also, we learn from the programme, the prompter. If it is one person who holds both capacities we should advise him henceforth to stick to prompting.

'The Blackbird', as a play, is almost as bad as the 'Black Flag'. It makes no pretence to logic; it does not even strive to interest. As a dramatic composition it is out of the pale of criticism, and we hold it unaccountable that Messrs. Wallack, Palmer, and Daly should have scoured foreign countries in search of men who could write doggerel as wretched as 'Youth', and 'The World', when Mr. George L. Stout was waiting at no great distance from Union Square, able to give points to Mr. Pettitt and his friends and to beat them easily. Viewed in this light, indeed, Mr. George L. Stout should be set on the pinnacle of fame. Unaided, untrained, he has shown himself a match for the worst English melodramatists. He has reached a depth of ineptitude unfathomed save by them. He has proved that it is possible for an author and prompter, born and bred, we suppose, in America, to be nearly as dull as illiterate hacks who have been brought up amid English fogs. Unhappy Messrs. Pettitt and Merritt; luckless Mr. Sims. Your spell is broken; your magic is gone. We will have no more of you.

Luckily, however, for the Theatre Comique, there still remained Messrs. Harrigan and Hart and their valiant company. Sadly transformed, in truth, they were, but recognizable still. Mr. Harrigan was Con. O'Carolan, a piper, simulating blindness; Mr. Hart was an idiot boy. But where were their quips and antics? Where was Dan Mulligan with his hungry political following? Where was Widow Nolan with her goat and her piano? And the negroes who played policy, and the Order of Full Moon, and the Reverend Palestine Pewter, where were they? Fond memory followed those joyous spirits into the haunts where they made merry, while their substitutes were striving to be humorous in the speech and costume of the Eighteenth Century. So far as we could understand them, Messrs. Harrigan and Hart were engaged in perpetually releasing from captivity Mr. De Wolf Hopper, a tall young actor, of very manly and chivalrous bearing, stepping, as it seemed, out of a canvas of Millais, and destined, we should say, to a high future on the stage when his diction is clearer and his action more under his control. Well, Mr. Hopper was escaping, in his broad-brimmed hat and cavalier ringlets, from the field of Culloden, and the piper and the idiot boy were helping him to fall through trap-doors, jump out of windows, hide himself in hollow trees, and to get himself immured in one of those revolving prisons which seem to have been as well known in the days of Bonnie Prince Charlie, as in those of Bonnie Mr. Henry Pettitt. In these exploits they were aided by Mr. John Wild and Mr. William Gray—blithest of creatures in a mask of burnt cork, dullest of soldiers in their moss-trooper's uniform. And the more they were assisted by Messrs. Wild and Gray, the more they were thwarted by Mr. Harry Fisher, whose long training in the parts of a German saloon-keeper, German itinerant musician, and other pantaloon of the Mulligan series, has qualified him to pack an incredible amount of villainy into the part of an Irish process server.

There was also a young lady, Miss Granville—a muscular and pretty little lass, who was thrown by Mr. Fisher into a horrible whirlpool. It was none of your whirlpools which are supposed to exist off the stage and which all the characters mention with bated breath and very doleful music in the orchestra. It whirled visibly, terribly, even creakingly, upon the stage; and pretty little Miss Granville, having been thrown from a dizzy height by the process-server, was carried along by the torrent from ledge to ledge, shrieking most pitifully, till at length she reached the edge of the whirlpool, which licked her with its foam, then pulled at her dress, then drew her into its outer circles, then spun her round nearer and nearer to the gulf in its centre, where she revolved like the gentleman in Poe's story of the Maelstrom, until Mr. Harrigan, after discussing the situation with Mr. De Wolf Hopper, swung on a bough, threw out a rope, and drew her into safety. It was far better than all the stage-tricks of the new English melodramas, and if it were set in a good play it would draw the town. And just before this the personages had celebrated a rollicking Irish wedding—dancing, fiddling, fighting in their famous old style, until the soldiers appeared at the window, fired their muskets in the air, and so shocked a venerable Irish priest who was present that he fell upon the floor, performed a sort of clerical St. Vitus's dance, and expired amid the wailing of the bystanders. These two scenes gave the audience a good deal of pleasure; but as a whole everybody went away disappointed. Messrs. Harrigan and Hart must produce better plays than 'The Blackbird' if they hope to keep their rank as the leading managers of New York and not reduce their theatre to the level of Mr. Wallack's.

THE idea of dramatizing Wilhelmina Von Hillern's Tyrolean romance, 'Geier-Wally,' was not original with Mr. C. T. Dazey. A German adaptation of the story was played by Frau Ellenrich at the Germania Theatre last winter, and two years ago Miss Linda Dietz played, in the English provinces, a version of it made by herself, and called 'Wild Love.' Mr. Dazey's adaptation, which is called 'Elsa,' was made for Miss Maggie Mitchell, and was presented for the first time at the Park Theatre last Saturday night. It is not a bad play, as plays go now-a-days, but it is almost too pastoral for a modern audience. The jokes are rather old, and do not always provoke the laughter which the author counted upon hearing. When Miss Mitchell, arrayed in a fancy-ball dress, knocks the Uriah Heep of the play on the head with an axe, we are not at all impressed by her prowess; for the feat is performed in as light and airy a manner as if she were tapping a boiled egg with a spoon. 'Elsa' is simply a variation on the 'Fanchon' theme, and necessarily so, for 'Fanchon' marks the limits of Miss Mitchell's powers. She must be ill-used and pert, tom-boyish and sentimental. That this sort of character has its admirers is shown by her success in delineating it. But her success hereafter must be with a new generation. Old playgoers ask for something different, whether better or not. Playing on one string is intolerable unless the artist be a Paganini.

WHEN the story of 'Catherine' was published by Thackeray in *Fraser's Magazine*, the critics hastened to pronounce it the dullest, most vulgar, and most immoral work extant; and the author was driven to confess, in an appendix, that he had meant it for a parody on the criminal fictions of the day. Mr. Daly may be forced to a similar confession. He is a writer of humor, a manager of tact, and he readily saw that in the imaginary craze of the public for low British melodrama it would be a huge joke, and would at the same time give rival theatres a pretty sharp rap, if he should produce a play presenting in five acts all the vices of an abominable school. He took the most insensate, the least coherent of the class, and produced it at his theatre last Monday evening. It is called 'Mankind'. Its authors, or, as Mr. Daly calls them, constructors, are Messrs. Paul Merritt and George Conquest, who are probably the most ignoble writers now cobbling and tinkering for the stage.

In two respects 'Mankind' was not the best piece for Mr. Daly's purpose. For one thing it contained the character of an old money-lender, aged one hundred and one, who with very ordinary skill could have been made interesting. Everybody who remembers the old peer in Sardou's 'Ganaches', or the grandfather who hides the treasure in 'The Chimney Corner', or the centenarian in D'Ennery's play, knows what curious emotions are stirred by the weaknesses of these shadowy figures standing on the horizon of life. Moreover, Mr. Charles Leclercq, of Mr. Daly's company, had exactly the necessary gifts for the embodiment of such a character. Fortunately, however, the authors drew the lines of their old Mr. Daniel Goodge with so little deftness that his chances of spoiling the play as a parody were altogether averted. There was also a scene which in other hands would have struck the true note of comedy. Three rogues, sitting together, make terms with one another for a document which each thinks he has in his pocket, and which, in fact, is in the possession of none of them. Every novice of the theatre knows that this is a true comic basis. 'Comic!' cry Messrs. Merritt and Conquest. 'Comedy in a play of ours! Out with it.' And



with a few bold strokes the scene is so blotched and blurred that its humor is quickly obliterated.

As for the action of the piece it reminds one of the speech of Mr. Jingle. Act One—Ramsgate Sands—Punch and Judy—Tumbling dogs—Children making sand castles—Showman beating little girl—'Don't, you pinch', cries little girl—Enter Warren—Hero—Christian name Philip—'Pinches, does he?'—Lays showman out—Enter Constance Melton—'Philip, my lion, my love'—Mutual embraces—Enter Constance's papa—'Stand back, Philip Warren—You robbed my safe; I'm a bankrupt'—Enter Daniel Goodge, money-lender—'Bankrupt! not a bit—Brother died at Cape—Left diamonds and pot of money—All yours by will unless brother's daughter is found'—Enter Peter Sharpley, partner of Daniel Goodge—'Quite true! you are the heir—Marry Constance to my son Edmund—That will pay for legal fees'—Enter Edmund Sharpley—'Constance, you are mine'—Enter Alice Maitland—'Not while I live'—'Perdition! who are you?'—Your wife—Tableau—Crowd returns—Punch and Judy—Tumbling dogs—Children making sand castles—Scene closes.

That is the style of the whole play. Edmund Sharpley plots the destruction of Alice Maitland. He pushes her into the sea from the deck of a channel packet, and Phillip Warren, now a fisherman's assistant at Ramsgate, some twenty miles away, sees her fall upon one of the rafts which float at will about the British channel, launches his boat, and rescues her from a watery grave. Whereupon she repairs to Leicester Square, in London, to search for the will mentioned by Mr. Sharpley, senior, being, we need hardly say, the daughter of the individual who left the diamonds and the pot of money. First, a cheery costermonger's wife has the precious testament; then an orphan girl takes it from the costermonger's wife and wraps it round a package; then Mr. Sharpley, senior, takes the package, but is hurried off to jail; then old Mr. Goodge conceals the will in a bag; then Constance's papa abstracts it from the bag and substitutes a newspaper, which would be sure to deceive the elderly money-lender; then the cheery costermonger steals it from the pocket of Constance's papa; then a villainous lodging-house-keeper, modelled on the amiable Mme. Frochard, steals it from the cheery costermonger; then Mme. Frochard sells half of it to Daniel Goodge; then Daniel Goodge murders Mr. Sharpley, senior, to get the other half; then having been accidentally shot by Mr. Sharpley, Jr., Goodge throws both halves away, and it is to be presumed that they are picked up, sewed together, and turned to pecuniary account by all the virtuous characters. And that, as lucidly as we can explain it, is the tenor of Mr. Daly's practical joke. The audience entered into the fun of the thing, and laughed consummately at all the serious scenes. Some of the more reflective people in the house were, however, inclined to sympathize with Mr. Charles Leclercq, who showed a fine talent, and to hint an opinion that Mr. Daly had carried his witticism too far.

MISS LAURA DON appeared on Wednesday night at the Standard Theatre in a play written by herself, and called 'A Daughter of the Nile'. Miss Don is fairly well reputed as an actress. She has a fine stage-presence; she has tolerable abilities. She also aspires to be universal. She believes that Mlle. Sarah Bernhardt is a person worth imitating. 'Mlle. Bernhardt', she says, 'is not only an actress; she writes, draws, paints. Why should not I, too, write, draw, paint?' So she composes an Egyptian play and presents it to the public. And, just at this time, the public might expect it to be a play about Arabi Pasha, introducing Sir Garnet Wolseley or Lord Charles Beresford as its hero, and showing the bombardment of Alexandria as its capital scene. But herein the public would be deceived. It is the story of a young woman, Egypt by name, who pursues a young Englishman with her affections.

Egypt—summing a whole country in her name as Cleopatra summed all beauty in her person—is the basilisk of an American household, established somewhere on the Hudson. Mr. Angus Somerdyke, a wandering artist, afterward discovered to be a wandering nobleman, is fiercely beloved by her, and after receiving with courage her Oriental attentions marries Katrina, her cousin. To avenge herself she espouses a raja of Hindostan, intending first to poison him and then commit suicide on his grave. But learning that by the provisions of the Indian Penal Code, as revised by Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, the practice of suicide is strictly forbidden, she returns to Paris, calls herself Princess Yeddu, opens a fashionable drawing-room, attires herself as a statue, stands over a piece of water known as the Naiads' Well, frightens Katrina into drowning herself, and sees Angus spring into the well to save his bride. Then she goes mad, discovers a long-lost mother, is in turn discovered by Angus, and thus, after many trials, hears the wedding-bells ring for the union of the wandering nobleman with the relict of the raja of Hindostan.

The play was fairly successful. Its lines are pert and vivacious; its action does not flag; and though the laughter and emotions of the audience did not always follow the author's intentions, there was enough of both to encourage her to try her luck again.

## Music

### "Cradle-Songs of Many Nations."

THIS is one of the most charming holiday gift-books ever published in this country. The illustrations by Mr. Satterlee are capital specimens of the draughtsman's art, and their reproduction by chromolithography approaches wonderfully near to original painting. The paper and typography, too, are excellent. In judging the accuracy and value of the musical and literary contents of the volume, we should remember that the author has no intention of producing a work of philological importance. In considering a collection of cradle-songs comprising that which Eve is supposed to have sung to Cain, and that which the Virgin whispered to the infant Jesus, and including the songs of nations so widely separated as Norway and Japan, much allowance should be made for the compiler's kindly imagination. The love of little children is one of the touches of nature that make the whole world kin, and the sentiments expressed in these thirty songs—whether Arabic, Zulu, or Indian, German, French, or English—are very similar in character. The same may be said of the music. The melodies all have the same soft and soothing flow, and the harmonies and modulations of Mr. Herman's accompaniments are simple and pleasing to the ear. We all know that Hottentot or Chinese music is as different from that of European nations as a handsome woman of Germanic or Latin race is from the dusky or almond-eyed belle of Ethiopian or Mongol birth. But Mr. Herman ignores this difference, for Chinese and Hottentot music would sound fearfully dissonant in the ears of the children and mothers for whom his book is intended.

Of all European countries Germany is the richest in nursery and cradle-songs. The present selection from that treasury is not, however, very interesting. One song is given in the original, but it contains a word ('Lullabei') which is unknown to the German people. In another song, of which an English translation is given, occurs a phrase ('shaking the Dreamland tree') which can be hardly an accurate rendering of any words a German woman would sing to her drowsy babe. Some of the prettiest German cradle-songs—about the black and white sheep, or the poor goat crying for a warm coat for winter, or the mew-cow from Halberstadt (which has its origin in one of the most beautiful legends of the Middle Ages)—Mr. Herman does not give us here.

### Music in the University of Michigan.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

IN your issue of August 12th you kindly noticed the School of Music recently established here. You also raised the question as to whether the Thomas Schule of Leipzig has not been doing for many years—over a century—what it is claimed in our circular has been done here for the first time. I think you will find that the Thomas Schule does not, in the first place, stand related to the state as do our high schools; and, secondly, that vocal music alone has been included in the curriculum of studies. At least I can find nothing on the subject which mentions anything but vocal; and during my residence in Leipzig I heard of no other studies. The essential thing, however, is not the novelty, but the importance to musical education of such a step, and not alone to musical education, but education in general.

ANN ARBOR, MICH., Sept. 1, 1882.

CALVIN B. CADY.

Our correspondent is quite right as to the character of the music cultivated in the famous Thomas Schule. It was designed, and has been maintained for six hundred years, solely for the cultivation of, and instruction in, vocal church music. No German musician can attain a more honorable position than that of Cantor (first organist and instructor) of this school. The first Thomas-Cantor whose name has reached us was Johannes Urban; the most famous, Sebastian Bach. Every Saturday afternoon the full chorus of the Thomas Schule (sixty men and boys) practise in St. Thomas's Church, where the best works both of the old and of the modern composers are rehearsed.—Mr. Cady is right, also, in holding that the chief feature is not the novelty of the recent departure in the University of Michigan, but its bearing on general education.

### Musical Notes.

FREDERICK GODFREY, the popular composer, is dead.

Miss Mary Huss, a young American contralto, made a very favorable impression, recently, at concert at Steinway Hall, London.

Mme. Théo is to make her first appearance at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, owing to the impossibility of finishing the Casino by next Monday evening. She will sing 'Mme. L'Archiduc.' On the 23d inst. she will appear at the Casino in 'La Jolie Parfumeuse.'

\* Cradle-songs of Many Nations. Music by Reinhold L. Herman. Illustrations by Walter Satterlee. \$4. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

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